

THE CALL *of* *the* CONGO

HERBERT SMITH

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Photo by Dr. Frymire.

ELONGEMBELEKA, CHIEF AT LOTUMBE, FRIEND OF THE
MISSIONARIES

The Call of the Congo

By

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With Introduction by
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To
MISS LUCY KING DE MOSS

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER OF THESE PAGES, WHO WITH
BOTH PATIENCE AND KINDNESS BORE WITH THE
FAILINGS OF THE WRITER, THIS BOOK IS
MOST CORDIALLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE

This book has been written on the margin of time of a busy missionary. Amid the duties of long itinerations, between school classes at the Mission Station, while on board the S. S. Oregon, either going to or returning from committee meetings of the mission. It has occupied this "margin of time" for the greater portion of three years. At times it seemed that it would never be finished and that the form of it would change, but the first outline was mostly followed and the chapters in the main are as they first came to me.

The work is the result of a joint request of my fellow missionaries of the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission and the officers of the United Christian Missionary Society. But neither the mission on the field nor the society at home gave any direction as to the manner or form of the work. They asked only for a book and the author is responsible for the material and the opinions expressed therein.

The source of material is largely the natives of the District of the Equator of Belgian Congo, together with tales current on the mission field. Molema's work on *The Bantu, Past and Present* has been used to check up certain points as to the extent of the Bantu peoples.

The author is indebted to Miss Ruth Musgrave for some of the typing and also to Samuel Eleke, a native Christian, who with only an imperfect knowledge of English worked away at the typewriter for many months.

HERBERT SMITH.

Lotumbe, Africa.

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INTRODUCTION

Fifteen years ago in April, Brother McLean made one of his periodic visits to old Bethany for a lecture course and took the writer along. After several talks on Africa's needs and challenge an eager-faced senior said, "Mary and I would like to go back to Congo with you." "Ask Brother McLean," was the answer. So Brother McLean told them that they would have to pass the requirements of the mission board and that somebody would have to raise the special money.

Mary, the "Sis" Hopkins of her class, was from Montgomery, W. Va. Herbert Smith was a steady going energetic English lad who had come over from our Liverpool church five years before to study for the ministry. He had opened a mission nearby and built it into a church during his college days at Bethany.

The "special" money was given by the Campaign University Place Church, the Des Moines Central Church and many good friends of the Chicago churches, making it possible to send out these two enthusiastic recruits. A honeymoon journey of ten thousand miles long was hastily planned and with many exciting experiences and adventures they arrived at Bolenge and were later sent to Longa to help Doctor and Mrs. Jaggard, who were alone there.

There was no college of missions to help with the language, in those days, and after their arrival they wrestled with it, sore tried many a time.

When the grant finally came for the new sta-

tion at Lotumbe these young folks volunteered for the difficult pioneering job. Almost one hundred miles beyond the doctor and away from any other helper, alone in a savage village and in the midst of the great black forest of Africa they began their life task. Others helped them and the following pages give full credit to the comrades of the long trail in Africa in the problems and successes of the work.

The call of Africa is in this story of a jungle people, primitive and poor, ignorant and superstitious, and the power of the Gospel to save. I remember as I left them standing alone on the bank of the Momboyo River with only Mark Njoji to help them, I wondered at their courage and zeal. Their trust was in Him who said, "Lo, I am with you always," and they ever turned to Him for help. Today there gathers at Lotumbe the largest congregation of Disciples we have anywhere in the world.

I am proud to commend this story of Gospel conquests and wish you might see in it the possible regeneration of a nation in Africa through Christ Jesus. The native customs and traits are faithfully portrayed and the eager student will find answers to his many questions of how the natives live and what they do.

May you, too, learn to love them.

ROYAL J. DYE, M. D.

October 30, 1924.

Book One

NATIVE PEOPLES

WHERE SHALL I SLEEP TONIGHT?

AT last the gloom of the forest lifts. The light comes streaming into the path from the clearing of the new gardens. For the past half hour I have been scanning the tree tops for this welcome sight. The march of five hours over the swamps and through the forest depths has been long enough for me. The African forest, where it is yet untouched by the natives, grows great, tall, hardwood trees, and the leaves of these, interwoven with gigantic vines, keeps the path in constant gloom, which even the tropical sun is able to pierce only in spots. The gloom ahead tells the traveler that the journey is still unended. But when the light begins to break in the tree tops it means the end of the forest. Newer growths of young trees show where some old gardens or villages have been. Then come the gardens of manioc, perhaps joined by those of plantains, and at the next bend of the path the whole village bursts into view.

The natives say that we are buried in these great forest stretches. The figure is appropriate. To step from their cool depths into a village at noon with the overhead sun blistering the whitened sand is almost blinding. If one is fortunate enough to have sun glasses the relief is great, but lacking these one must screw his eyelids almost closed until he can get accustomed to the brilliant glare. With my advent the village is stirred into action.

Out from the chief's house, which is always the largest house in the village, come clouds of dust. That is evidently the place where I am to sleep tonight. The chief's wives have no doubt been indulging in an African pastime of quarreling, instead of doing housework. Now, with great speed they sweep the floor of the mud house, and in their zeal stir up clouds of dust which almost hide the dwelling.

The chief also is making great efforts to get ready to meet his white visitor. Amid the dust one can see him on the porch trying to get into his trousers, and at the same time trying to keep an eye on me. He takes a moment to shout at someone, and out from another house in front of me dashes a boy with a shirt in his hand. His hand is extended over his head, and the shirt fills with wind and flops wildly as he runs. He is going so fast that the white soles of his feet have time to show in the sunlight. Perhaps this is the only shirt in the village, and has been going the rounds of certain men friends who have failed to return it in time. Now the boy disappears in the house. Up go a pair of black arms and out pops a black, curly head. The arms come down to attention just as I arrive at the humble mansion. The chief has done his best to give me, a white man, a suitable welcome, by wearing the signs of civilization.

It does not signify at all that the shirt is not worn in the accepted fashion of a good portion of mankind, but is still flopping as the chief shakes hands with me. His trousers also are dirty and crumpled. There is not an iron in the village, so how can they be pressed? The main thing is that the chief is pleased to see me and will vacate his

house for me for as many days and nights as I care to stay. I also know that this same chief, inside of an hour, will gather food for myself and for the porters who are with me. He will feel greatly disgraced unless he shows us the best hospitality that his humble native village can afford.

But now having arrived so suddenly and quite unexpectedly in a village in the center of Africa, the following pages must tell how we get there, and the reason for our coming.

I.

HOW WE GET INTO THEIR COUNTRY

THERE was, and is, a supreme fascination in the command of Jesus to "go into all the world and preach the gospel." To Paul it was a passion. It has meant in every age, leaving home and exploring new lands, seeing new faces and hearing new languages. There has been hardship in the undertaking, but the joy of seeing a new hope come into the lives of thousands because of the power of the gospel is, and will always be, supremely satisfying.

The missionary task, in principle, has always been successful. From the days of the apostles until this day of modern missions the gospel has won its way into the lives of new people and has answered the need of the human heart. Some missionaries have died or been killed, it is true, but he who works with God cannot fail. This is the power which has caused the spiritual sons and daughters of the church to cross the seas, for they know they cannot labor in vain in the Lord.

The ten thousand miles from St. Louis, Missouri, to the equator in Belgian Congo are full of romance. Young couples starting out for their life work, see together the commonplace things in heightened colors. There is the thrill of being for the first time at a great sea port, and of walking the deck of one of the modern mammoth Atlantic liners, and of watching the smart movement of of-

ficers and crew in their spotless uniforms. Even the sea with its color and vastness and restlessness makes mental pictures which will last throughout life.

Perhaps not all will want to say with Byron:

“And I have loved you, ocean!”

—for the sea has too many moods to have always pleased, but after a week’s trip there is one welcome sight, the white cliffs of old England.

A great deal of the tropical outfit is secured in London. It is one of the pleasures of the journey to meet our agent there, Mr. W. J. Allison, who is not only ready to help, but who has a clear knowledge of what you will want in the tropics. He likewise sees that you do not lose yourselves in the metropolis, nor miss the boat from the east coast of England to the old city of Antwerp.

How absorbing every thing is to you. In London there were the winding streets and the old buildings and those wonderful gentlemen, the London police, whom everybody seemed glad to obey. Now a brief night’s sleep and you find yourself on the River Scheldt, passing by the flat country of Belgium and Holland. Many guns, real and Quaker, are pointing at your ship, but they are very peaceful this morning. Suddenly the mighty tower of the Antwerp cathedral catches your eye and beneath it the famous city seems to be clustered. Here is a new type of people. Women helping to load barges; soldiers with a merry tassel dangling from their caps; policemen with long swords; dogs helping to pull great hand carts. You venture to use your best college French. Strange, they seem never to have heard the language. A shrug of the

shoulder and the spreading of the hands make you feel quite helpless, until a Belgian in uniform bows before you and says in most excellent English: "Do you wish to go to the Queens Hotel?" How great is your relief. You wonder as the cab rolls away over the cobble stones how, if you couldn't make your French intelligible to these people, you will ever master some strange African tongue!

The boat for Congo lies quite near your hotel and next morning you sail again down the Scheldt, through the English channel and across the boisterous Bay of Biscay. There is a brief visit to the Canary Islands where the grave of Doctor Biddle points you onward to Congo. One brief year of African climate wore out his fragile body. There is no time to visit his grave, for the boat soon heads for the first African port. Out of the mist, one damp morning, appear the black and bleak rocks of Dakar, with white foam at their feet. The French have made a splendid harbor here. Your first impression is one of color and noise, for the natives come swarming aboard with things to sell or to take passage down the coast. The languages they speak seem a jumble. Not one single word do you understand. How far away does the day seem when you will be able to put thoughts clearly before these dark skinned people.

The ship's course allows you to get brief glimpses of the rugged coast line. Daily there is the golden sand upon which the surf beats out its endless energy, then the black rocks, and above the masses of trees and undergrowth. How vast this continent is, and you are just seeing one side of it. An old traveller of many years' experience in Af-

rica calls your attention to the fact that Africa could contain all the United States, all of Europe, all of China, all of India and still have room for a dozen Japans.

Some twenty days from Antwerp you cut through a black streak in the ocean. It appears to be lined out straight with a rule. You look about presently and the blue water of the ocean is seen no more. At the bow and stern of the ship only brown, dirty waters are in motion. This is your first sight of the Congo River. No banks are yet in sight and you are really one hundred miles out at sea, but Africa's largest river has forced the sea to give way to its great volume of water. During the next two or three weeks you are to learn more of the depth and force of this great river.

In due time you find your steamer within the low-lying banks of the Congo. The river pilot comes aboard and after several hours of steaming the present capitol of the Belgian Colony is reached. This town of Boma is made up almost entirely of government officers. Here the governor lives and here you must register your name and your future residence. It takes nearly a day to get all the formalities in order and a little visit to the Christian and Missionary Alliance Mission is a pleasant interlude.

While on this visit, you again go over the geography of the Colony. You have done this scores of times before, back at home, but the old traveller can point out places that he has recently visited, and as he talks the size of the colony becomes really alarming. It has upwards of a million square miles. It is eighty times larger than

Belgium itself. It has raw material without limit or extent. Diamonds are found in the Kasai. Copper in the Katanga. Copal and palm oil in the equator section, and at other places. Rubber grows in plantations. Just what the colony can be made to grow in the days to come has not yet been determined, but certainly here is a place which is most liberal in supplying the wants of the world.

It is all a matter of transportation, says our new-found friend. He points again to the map of Congo. The thing that fascinates is the rivers. Look at them flowing from almost every direction and all making their journey to the great Congo. These rivers are nearly all navigable with only the barrier of mountains which run inland for some two hundred miles back from the sea. But for these mountains the Congo country must have been known a century before. The river flows over them in a series of cataracts, some twenty-two in all, which makes passage by water impossible.

There is one little stream which starts down hill away off in Barotsland. It is called the Lualaba. Even with a stretch of the imagination it is hard to believe that so small a beginning could have any connection with the Congo you met out at sea. But along comes another stream out of lake Bangweola. It is called the Luapula, changing to Lualaba. Men said years ago that this growing river would continue its northward flow and end up by being the Nile. They were mistaken. The river we are following in imagination is much more ambitious than even the Nile, which has flowed through proud Egypt, lo, these many centuries.

After a journey of some five hundred miles in this northern route it seeks the sea by turning to the south and west.

Now the Congo begins to absorb other magnificent rivers. It swallows up the Lomami from the south and the Aruwimi on the north. A little later on it takes the Lulonga and the Ruki from the left bank. These have formed within the great horse-shoe bend of the parent river. Then on the right bank it takes on the Ubangi, the river discovered by the missionary Grenfell. There is one other river of importance to join the Congo from the left bank. It is the Kasai, a mighty, powerful stream, full of interest, because of its abundance of game and bird life.

Said our friend: "Whatever you may find lacking in Congo, you will not find it lacking in size. It has lands and forests and rivers in abundance. This makes for isolation. One trader here, another twenty or fifty miles away. One government official here, another perhaps a hundred miles away. One mission station here, and perhaps, two days steaming before you see another one. Many languages, because people did not travel much when these languages were forming. Great animosities abound among them because they have never known one another." Then while a smile lights his face which a score of African summers had wrinkled, he thrust out his hand and said: "I am glad to see you here. These tribes and these villages will never be better until you come and tell them about the One who brought good will to men."

The words of this old man are exceedingly sweet and as you return to the steamer, in the soft eve-

ning moonlight, you seem to have had an official reception to your work. You go to bed extremely happy, and not even the mosquitoes nor the heat at Boma can keep you awake.

Next morning you are awakened to the sound of the weighing of the anchor. You hurry up on deck so as not to lose a moment. Before noon you have rounded the last dangerous bend and there before you lies Matadi, (the word means "rocks") baking in the tropical sunshine on its stony foundation. Your ocean journey is over. Matadi is the port of debarcation and from here you will travel over the mountains. If your journey should seem wearisome, please remember that it took Mr. Stanley one whole year to go the same distance, the only difference being that he came down the river and you are going up. You will not see the river, however, until you come to Kinshassa.

There will be as many trains as are needed for the passengers. Our little narrow gauge railway with its steep grades cannot be expected to haul a very large load. It will have, beside the engine, one carriage for baggage, one for third class passengers or the natives, one first class and one second class carriage. You will arrange for the trip as for a picnic. At the end of the first day you will sleep in a hotel at Thysville. If you have good luck you will be in by sundown, if not, by midnight. But whether sundown or midnight, the journey begins again at sunrise.

The grades and turns of this little railway as it winds around the bends, crosses the deep gorges, and cuts through the mountain in its tunnels, is of very great interest. The engineering feat and the

labor to produce such a road is hard to appreciate today. Here and there throughout the whole journey little stone caps mark the spots where white and black and even Chinese laid down their lives that we of today might ride over the road in comfort. After Stanley's day a caravan route was made which took about two weeks' march. How many white men died on that journey no one can tell today. They came from a cold climate and tried within a few days to do arduous marching in the tropical sun. It is small wonder that some of them failed to see the waters of the upper Congo.

At last, on the second afternoon, the river at Stanley Pool bursts into view. This pool is some fifteen miles wide but narrows into a bottle-neck or gorge between Kinshassa and Leopoldville. The waters rush through this gorge with great force and a mile or so lower down throw themselves over the first cataract.

The journey up river now begins. It is possible for great steamers to go from Stanley Pool to the falls at Stanleyville, a thousand miles away. Even after that the river is navigable for many hundreds of miles. After passing through the Pool there is a long stretch known as the channel. It runs between hills until the Kasai River is reached, then come grassy plains, and, as the journey approaches the equator, dense forest belts come right down to the water's edge. These forest belts extend many miles both north and south of the equator.

Now the day you have looked for is near. The sight of the missionaries at the American Baptist Mission at Tchimbiri and those of the English Bap-

tist Mission at Bolobo increases your eagerness for the journey's end. Some of these missionaries have been in Congo thirty years. How young you feel in their presence. Then on, up the old, old river, your wonder growing with each mile. You see it ten miles wide. You see it studded with countless islands. You see it made exceedingly angry by the tropical storm. You visit the north bank which is occupied by the French. Every day you steam some sixty or seventy miles, until at last Bolonge—the load-stone of your life for many past years—is discovered one bright morning lying in a pretty bay, not two minutes from the very equator itself.

African peoples are quick to make friends. As your steamer whistles for a landing, the bank becomes black with people. You are the new teacher they have heard about and they come to give you the best Congo welcome. But wait! In a good-natured way they are sizing you up. Are you tall, short, fat, young, old? Have you a peculiar manner in movement or talk? They will note it all and give you a name in private to cover these different traits. Happily, you do not know it then, and perhaps never will, but for this time you are singled out as the important one. It may be that on the whole trip of ten thousand miles to this time you have had to take a most insignificant place, but now you have come to your own, and amid the greetings of missionaries and the native Christians you receive a most glorious welcome.

Your famous voyage is over. "Anywhere with Jesus" has landed you beneath equator skies. You are really on the foreign mission field. Now the

rosy conception of missions is going to be tested, the drab and the black and the everyday common humdrum will blur your bright colors. Happy will be your lot, if after a half score years of service you can still think of the native people in the same grateful way you did on the first day that you shook hands with them at Bolenge.

II.

WHAT ARE THEY LIKE?

NO, they are not real negroes. They are of the negro strain, or type. The real negro lives farther north. The race of people here is known as Bantu. This race is said to extend from five degrees north of the equator to the most southern point of the continent, with two exceptions, the Hottentots and the Kaffirs. These two non-Bantu peoples live, as all the world knows, in South Africa. The Bantu people have curly hair, but most of them have straight noses and general facial features like Caucasians. The people in this section are shorter in stature than the average American. The Bantu race is divided into many different tribes, and these differ very greatly in physical make-up. The general principles of their language are much the same all over the area mentioned. The vocabularies are different but the grammatical bases very similar. A native person from one section soon learns the dialect of another section.

The immediate tribes of our people are known as the Nkundo, the Ekonda, the Bacwa, the Bobangi and Mbole. The Nkundo people predominate in our work at present. All our literature is in Lunkundo, the language of the Nkundo, with the exception of a few books in Ladia and some we have got from other missions for work with the Bobangi people. Lunkundo is spoken in nearly every section of our field. A people to the north of us, the Ba-Mongo, have a language so much like

ours that our missionaries can preach to their people and their missionaries preach to our people and be very well understood. In fact, the New Testament translated by missionaries from both sections and all the school books of the missions are now being exchanged. This is a very great advantage and saves much money and time. The Nkundo people and the Ekonda people have some royal debates as to which of the two people is superior. The Ekonda claim that they are the more fierce. They certainly are quick tempered, but that is hardly a mark of superiority. There is really not much to choose between the two tribes. They intermarry and have many things in common. Their tribal markings are different and their language is different, but they learn each other's tongue very readily. They can be used as preachers and teachers in one another's villages.

One soon learns to tell these people apart at sight. Sometimes this is possible by the general appearance and sometimes by the tribal markings. The Nkundo mark is four little perpendicular bars between the eye-brows. Many other marks may be added after these, some for personal taste and some of purely local character. Some make little lobelike warts to stand up on the end of their noses. Some have these on their chins, so that the chin looks longer than it really is. Others make a row of these little lobes right over the two cheek bones and over the nose. Others have markings on the side of the face and still others will cover almost their entire body with tribal cuttings. Why is it done? Partly to be recognized and partly to add to the beauty of the person.

The Bacwa are said to be the original people of this part of Congo Belge. The other tribes came from the north and east, but it is a pretty generally accepted fact that the Bantu people migrated from still farther north. These strangers, the Nkundo, found the Bacwa and made them their slaves. To this day the Bacwa and the Nkundo peoples in the Lotumbe field have little or no social intercourse. They do not intermarry. In the Mondombe field these differences are not known and some Bacwa who go from Lotumbe to Mondombe are accepted on the same social plane as anyone else.

The word Bocwa may mean "goer," and the Bacwa people live up to that tradition to this day. They are no longer slaves, for with the coming of the European Government slavery was done away with, but when they were really slaves they escaped much of the rigor of slavery by their habits. They will stay away for weeks at a time in the forest. They have little desire for village life and if they build shacks in village form they are liable to leave them for months together. Today they live more in villages than formerly, but every once in a while they get the wandering fever and off they go hunting. They are good hunters and supply much of the meat to other tribes.

The word Bocwa can be used as a curse also. You may call a person a "Bocwa" in the right tone of voice and there is no trouble, but if used in an angry tone it is an insult. To call a Nkundo person a "Bocwa" at any time is an insult. The Christians at Lotumbe have tried to take the sting out of this word by calling the Bacwa "Ba-Samalia"

or "Samaritans." It is probably not a true exegesis of the relations of the Jews and the Samaritans, but it is an attempt in Christian politeness and is helping to do away with a bad word.

The Gospel has been well received among the Bacwa and they have several self-supporting churches among their villages. They may be somewhat less reliable than the Nkundo, but in giving they have far outstripped their former lords. They are slaves no longer and they have a real zeal for the Gospel.

One marvels at the language of the Bantu race. It is totally different from European or Asiatic languages. These African people shut away in their continent for ages have yet developed a type of language that is truly wonderful. It is scientifically constructed and is technically known as agglutinative, i. e., it adds letters and syllables at the beginnings of words to make the plurals of its nouns. Above I have used Bocwa and Bacwa. One is singular and the other is plural. Here are some other illustrations.

Singular	Plural
ilombe—house	tolombe—houses
jikata—hand	bakata—hands
wato—canoe	biato—canoes
ekota—skin	bikota—skins
botamba—tree	betamba—trees

To its verbs it adds prefixes to take the place of pronouns. Lunkundo says, "Nkolanga,"—I like you—and this would be divided up this way:

n—k—langa

I you like.

Or again: "Alotona"—I hate him.

A — lo — tona

He him hates.

The language is also alliterative, or, in other words, the subject of the sentence demands that every word in the sentence shall concord with the initial letter of the subject of the sentence. Or, rather, that adjectives and verbs shall follow this rule.

Tome tokami toki ae tofenya.

Things mine which were here are not seen

Jikata jikae jotena

Hand his is cut. His hand is cut.

Note the "t's" in the first sentence and the "j's" in the last.

There are eleven classes of nouns and nearly all the plurals are different from the singulars.

To add to the difficulty of the language it is spoken by most natives very rapidly and elision is most frequent. Sometimes there is only one letter left of the real root word, all the rest being suffix or prefix. The connection, however, usually gives the proper meaning. The language abounds in verbs of action and these verbs are most expressive and figurative. Proverbs and idioms are packed into half a sentence and take a whole paragraph to explain. Lonkundo has its own particular figures of speech.

The Congo people are animists. They believe that every material thing possesses a spirit. Every tree, every forest, every river, every stone is animated by a spirit, supposed to be the soul or vital power belonging to it and permanently residing in it. Things which are manufactured, such as spears, axes, knives, canoes, may be possessed

with a spirit, as when extraordinary exploits are accomplished by them. The swamps particularly are infested with spirits. They are called "bekaji," which may be the spirits of the dead. Certain men, by the aid of these spirits, are supposed to have control over the leopard or the crocodile, and with these can injure any person in any village. During the great influenza epidemic the natives slaughtered hundreds of goats and chickens to pacify the spirits of the "bekaji."

One way to keep the spirit of a dead man quiet is to place food so that he can find it. The following happened near Lotumbe: The chief of the village died. A short time after his death a goat was killed. The four legs of the animal were bound together and he was made to lie on his back while his neck was stretched over a pole. The head was tied down so that poor Billy could move neither "hand or foot." Then at the given word one of the dead man's near relatives with one single blow of a long knife severed the head from the body. The goat was then eaten by the relatives and friends, a piece of the liver being placed in the garden, for the spirit of the dead man to get at night. As this was more or less a ceremonial affair the liver was placed while all were present, one of the relatives calling "Father, come and have some food."

Many heathens still practice this custom. If they kill an animal while hunting they never fail to place a piece of the liver in the spot where the ancestral spirit is supposed to visit. If in the morning the piece of meat is gone or is covered with ants the spirit must certainly have paid a visit that night and taken the essence of it.

There is a belief among the people that an ancestral spirit sometimes enters into an animal. It happens sometimes that a hunter comes suddenly upon an animal near the former abode of some of his family. The animal shows no fear but stands and looks at the hunter. This is a great surprise to the hunter. He stands ready with his arrow in the bow to shoot his missile of death, but he is thinking that it is strange the animal does not run. "It seems to know me," he thinks. "Perhaps it is one of the my dead relatives and recognizes me." With that he leaves the animal to go where it pleases.

The natives move from one site to another every few years. The old houses are left standing until they fall down of themselves. They are never pulled down. A traveler was overtaken in a storm just as he got to a deserted village. He knew there was another village an hour farther on. Would he prepare to stay the night in that deserted village? Not at all. He would be afraid that since people were not living in those houses "bekaji" were and he would push on to the place where people were living. If a crowd traveled together and had some fire with them, they might stay the night, but a single person by himself, never!

The Congo people are religious, but their religious feeling is from fear and not from love. A God of love or a God of justice who loves all people alike is unknown to the heathen. Almost every person tries to have his own little fetish which is thought to be a spirit in captivity and over which he has gained control through the aid of the medicine man. Perhaps, so far as the eyes can see, this

fetish is merely an animal's horn, or a shell, or tin can, or bundle of rags into which has been placed pieces of snakes' skins or antelopes' hides or hair of human beings or perhaps their nail parings, but into this magic concoction the spirit comes to live and helps the owner of the charm. If he should have success in hunting or fishing or trading he exclaims: "Ah, my nzakomba (god) works well," and should he have ill luck he blames his charm and says it is no good.

To those who may read this book much of the above may seem humorous. I would have you think, also, of the great burden such a belief is to those who live in it, dwell in it, can't get rid of it. Day in and day out there is this awful dread that some calamity is going to overtake them. A child afraid in the dark or when a storm is raging may give a small conception of the ever-present dread. Imagine, then, the blessed relief the gospel story brings. A God who loves people. One who loves all people and cannot be urged to do harm to one and good to another. A willing help in time of trouble. Ah, the falling of the burdens when this is grasped is most wonderful. Like Paul, they have cried for years, "Who shall deliver us from this burden of sin and death?"

What are the people like? A child race, sinful and lovable, bound by mental fear of their own creation; followers of strange beliefs, but ready to accept the message of the white man, and in time, to come to know the power of the Lord Jesus.

III.

A TYPICAL VILLAGE

A VILLAGE, away from the river and untouched by the new life which is spreading all over the colony, consists of one long street with houses on each side. Some of these villages stretch out over a length of two or three miles. Some of them have the houses close together and others have a space between the family group. Some villages are kept clean, with no grass growing on the street at all, while others are almost buried between the patches of grass which grows so rapidly in this well-watered climate. Seldom do we find a village with a cross street, although now and again there is one. The street is straight unless the ground slopes, and then the village stands on the highest ground.

It is a mistake to say these people live in towns, but rather, in villages. Seldom do these villages have more than a thousand people. Heathenism is not like civilization, which provides for large masses of people. At least African heathenism would collapse under the requirements of a great concourse of people. Villages tend to break up. Perhaps there is a quarrel, or one part wants to change its site and the other does not, and it often happens that the chief is not powerful enough to keep the village intact and one part gets up some morning and cleans off a place on the other side of the swamp and there is the beginning of a new village.

This beginning is not very hard. Perhaps the whole village was on this site a few years before. A little clearing of the ground and some planting of plantain and manioc and trimming of the new palm trees which have grown up, and they are ready to begin building. Some of the old houses are worth moving, that is, the roof is good, and a bunch of men lift it off the poles and carry it over. Or, perhaps, the roof is untied and put on a new frame work.

A great many of the houses have a bow-shaped roof, easily made by pulling the ridge pole down over poles of different length and tying it there. This kind of roof predominated until the white man's style of straight ridge pole became popular. Nearly every family has these bow-shaped roofs for a sun-house. Such a house is supported in twenty or thirty places and the eaves come down close to the ground. It has no walls, all the sides being open. It is always cool and the glare of the sun is kept out by the low roof. It is a good place to sit and visit, and sometimes it is used for cooking. When strangers are visiting the village it is a good place for them to sleep.

A family will usually have, also, a closed house consisting of one room. The walls are of bark or bamboo splints, or the newer ones will have a mud wall. The latter is certainly warmer, but having no windows it makes a good place for the breeding of tuberculosis germs. It is dark and the mud keeps the light out and the smoke in, while the older method lets the light pass between the cracks. These smaller houses are used for the family place of sleeping and storing things.

In many places the natives are beginning to copy the method of the white man. They see the kind of houses he builds for his workmen and they try to follow these newer styles, but they leave out the important things, such as windows and doors in the right proportions; they do not have tools to make them. The healthful open house of the old native village is much better.

The natives have yet to learn the danger of wearing clothes. When their only garment was a small loin cloth or less it made little or no difference if they got wet. When the sun shone again they were dry in a few minutes, or if they entered a house the fire soon evaporated the wet from their bodies. Now, when they get their clothes wet some of them still expect to get dry in a short time, but they chill in the process and their health is the worse for it.

But to return to the houses. The best roofing possible is made from a certain palm leaf which grows in the swamps. The fronds of this same palm make excellent rafters. So the leaves and rafters can be gathered at the same time. The leaves themselves are made into mats and will not only shed all the rain that falls but are a sure protection against the rays of the sun. One would expect to see this kind of roofing used extensively, but not so. Not every swamp grows this kind of palm, so leaves of another palm are used and sometimes grasses of various kinds.

"Why don't they plant the better kind near their own homes," do you ask? That was the question I asked a chief. At first he didn't seem to understand what I was driving at. Then he threw up

his hands in holy horror and cried, "White man, do you think we would interfere with nature? The bekaji (evil spirits) are very well where they are. Why should we disturb them? If we should plant those palms in the swamps near our villages we would bring evil to our very door. No, we have no wisdom as to how that kind of planting is done, and we don't want to know it."

This is the same kind of fear in which superstition grows. One cannot touch Congo life in all its phases without coming against this black wall of superstition.

In passing through a village one often notices that several houses have been burnt down. Sometimes as many as ten or a dozen houses in a group are gone. The first thought is that here is a good case for a village fire brigade, but nothing has occurred which would warrant a fire brigade. They themselves, the family of a dead man, have fired these buildings and would not allow anyone to extinguish them. The man of the house is dead and his house and the houses of his dozen wives have all to be burnt up. Polygamy does not expect two women to live in the same house, even if they are wives to the same man. A separate house is therefore built for each wife. When the husband dies the wives are divided up between the dead man's relatives. If they return to their own families the dowry has also to be returned. If a woman dies her house is sometimes burnt, but often it is left unoccupied to rot and fall down, all her belongings being gathered together and burned, or piled in a heap to rot in the open.

Some villages have a custom of burying a person

right near the place where he dies, in fact, at his own door step. A little low roof is built over the grave and the dead person's chair or perhaps his hat and loin cloth or some of his belongings are placed on the grave. If the spirit should return to its former abode it would find that things have been left for its comfort and would be contented. This spot in the village is then left deserted. Tall grasses soon cover up the spot and no one would think of living there again for years to come.

The method of the government, at present, is to try and find in each village the founder of the village or his direct descendants and make them the ruling class of the village. One person is the actual chief, but there are usually half a dozen old men who assist in cutting (settling) the village palavers. The idea behind this new custom is that the village will respect its old people and will obey them. The other side is that the chief will regard all the people in the village as a father does his own children and not fleece them, as an appointed politician is apt to do.

The idea is good, and if the old men show themselves able to rule it may work out all right. The old method of choosing the man able to rule in the village gets results, so far as the white man is concerned, but that kind of chief certainly feathers his own nest, while he wears state authority. Once a chief, the job is usually for life. I have known one man for over thirteen years, and nearly every year he adds a new wife to his harem. He now has fourteen. Two have just left him and he is using all his authority as chief, and more, too, to try to get these back and to scare the others so

that they won't leave. This particular chief gets young women who ought to be married to men of their own age and live happy with their children, but as they are married to him they have no children.

Certain villages rank higher than others. Such a village is supposed to be the one where the founder of the group of villages first lived. The other villages are his children's homes, and even though the founder of the village has died long, long ago, his village must still be honored. When a leopard is killed its skin and its teeth must be carried to this village of rank, and only certain people in the village, those nearest to the founder, may wear these signs of distinction. This is true also of a certain kind of eagle. The eagle may be given to a village of lesser rank. Don't think the lucky hunter of either the leopard or the eagle is necessarily the owner of the thing he killed. While he usually gets paid, sometimes many anklets for a leopard, he himself must not skin or cut up the leopard or the eagle. Only men of rank may do that.

The village is looked on as a unit. It is our village, our forest, our wild animals, our swamps, our work to do this or that. The chief, as head of the village, often demands all the meat that is killed. He may take all or divide with the hunter, according to the custom of the section. In this way the chief has meat to give or sell to almost everybody who visits the village and in the same way the village looks after the older people who can do very little for themselves.

This does not mean, however, that heathenism

is kind to its old and sick. Neglect is the big word in most cases.

Home life, as civilization understands it, is unknown in the African village. The men eat by themselves and the women by themselves. Even if a man has half a dozen wives cooking for him he has no trouble in getting rid of the food. He calls in his friends and the plates are soon empty. There is no greater insult to a woman than for her husband to refuse to eat her cooking. If he throws her food away she is liable to quit him then and there. When food is ready all the men near at hand collect around the dish. They take a leaf and scoop up the food, and while this is going on conversation perforce dies down while each eats all he wants. If a boy is present who is too old to eat with his mother and not yet old enough to crowd around his father's plate, he sits back and coughs from time to time so that he may not be forgotten. After a while the father hands him a portion and he eats it by himself. Poor, hungry boy. I have often been sorry to see how long he has had to wait.

Christianity is giving a new idea of the home to the people. Not every Christian man eats with his wife at all times, but the idea is growing, and when the real home comes to the villages of Africa it will be a great and glorious thing.

IV.

NATIVE ESTIMATE OF THE WHITE MAN

BEHIND those dark, placid eyes, who can tell what is going on? If one could really read the black man's thoughts, it is quite possible the white man's conceit of his wealth, wisdom and goodness would vanish into thin air. If the native always said just what he thought one would know better how he really regarded the white man. In many palavers which come to the white man for settlement, the real cause of the trouble is hid under a lot of talk. Unless a great deal of patience is used the natives on each side of the affair will lead the white man astray. They have been estimating all along just what they will tell and what they will conceal, for they think the white man is just as liable to believe one side of the case as the other.

Not by the reaction of the audience on Sunday morning can one estimate the value of the service. Perhaps the white man is the preacher. He preaches a fine, helpful sermon. The natives sit wrapped in placidity, watching his every movement. They have not missed a gesture. Every mannerism has been particularly noted. Even a bad break in Lunkundo goes unnoticed—apparently so. Have they understood the sermon? Were they not more interested in the man than the teaching? Who can tell? Sunday comes around again. The white man is again preacher, but he is due for a malaria fever and does not

know it. The week has been hard. Many things have happened which have not helped the church. Malaria is most treacherous. It completely buries the prepared sermon and the final result is nothing but a scold. Could you tell it by the audience that day? Hardly. There is the same rapt attention. The same sleepers. The same effort to watch the gestures and of course the mannerisms have been even more pronounced. When the sermon is done there is a sigh. They have enjoyed the sermon fine. The elder in the closing prayer thanks the Lord for the sharp words which have cut their stomachs open. He also prays that the preacher may learn Lunkundo even better, so that they can be told even more wonderful things.

It may be a commercial affair. The chief of a certain village leads his people into the compound of a white trader. All the village is in the crowd, except the old men, who have sent their wives. Young men and boys and girls, who can carry a load, have arrived. Copal, packed into a large basket, is upon the back of every person except the chief and head man. Perhaps they have marched two or three days with these loads. They march in single file, all singing as they come. Now, please, don't think this is an easy-going lot of heathens over whom you can put a smart business deal. The native chief is a born trader, and if the price is not right he will march that crowd off again. Not a kilo of copal will be sold until he knows just what they are to get.

The chief fully believes that the scales have already been fixed so that they will not weigh as much as they ought. Perhaps he has that knowl-

edge from previous experience. Since he cannot read he still is doubtful of the scales. For once he wishes he could understand figures. He knows pretty well, however, just what each basket contains, by the size of the basket, and how much he should have for it. Although he does not know very much about the metric system, he wants each basket to be priced as well as weighed. He knows francs even if he does not know kilos. Should he observe any of his people having their basket weighed twice and getting them priced twice, he will not interfere. If the white man wants to pay twice for the same thing why should he complain?

When the weighing is all done he then asks the total weight. Perhaps it is a ton or half a ton, and he, of course, marvels at the great amount of produce that the people have brought. He tells what a long time they lived out in the forest to get so much, and the number of days they have marched, and how long it will be before they get home. Then he asks for a present. He expects a present to be large if the number of kilos have been many. When he is satisfied his head men line up and ask for a present, and perhaps they also ask for a present for another big chief who was sick and could not come. Now this is no surprise to the trader. He knows these presents will be demanded and when he quoted his first price he had made allowances for the extra expense. In reality the chief's own people paid for these presents, because a higher price would have been paid for each individual load if there had been no custom of presents. In this, I think the

chief has underestimated the working of the white man's methods.

I heard of this little business deception. A white trader was buying copal. He weighed the copal in the usual way, named the price for each basket and gave to each owner a slip of paper with the weight and price written down. When the work of weighing was done he expected to pay all the people at the same time. He showed the people where to place their baskets as they were weighed. There were perhaps eighty baskets, and all the people crowded around the scale wanting to get their load weighed first. It was not possible to see just what was going on and some ten or fifteen people weighed their baskets twice and received slips twice, and of course, were paid twice.

After they were paid many people bought things out of the trader's store and went home. The trader then began weighing and packing the copal in hampers for export. He was surprised to find that he was several hundred kilos short. The final weight did not tally with the amount he had bought. He reweighed again and still the amount was not right. Then he said to his workmen: "This morning I bought so many kilos of copal and now I cannot find a great portion of it. Did those people empty all their baskets or did they carry some away with them?"

"Oh, no, White Man, they all emptied their baskets. All the copal you bought is here before you," the workmen replied.

"But it is not," insisted the white man, and he went into details explaining that as he had paid out so many francs there should be so much copal.

"Oh, well," said one of the men, "the white man knows everything. Perhaps one boy and one woman took their basket out of the pile that had been weighed and had it weighed again. But what were we to do? It wasn't our affair. We couldn't know what the white man was thinking about. We thought perhaps he had made a mistake and was weighing the baskets again to see if he was paying too much. We were doing our work as we were told to do. It wasn't our copal and we didn't take the money. How are we to know what a white man wants to do? He weighs the copal and he pays the money, so it wasn't our affair!"

It was quite evident the trader's men knew what had been going on and perhaps had assisted the women in the stealing, but the trader choked down his wrath and kept his own counsel.

A month or so later the same chief came again. Of course the chief knew what had happened, but he had made a good deal and wanted to see if it was possible to do it over again. All the preliminaries as to price were soon settled. The trader weighed off loads until he had taken enough to compensate for the former loss. Then he said to the chief, "That much is mine. Last time your people had their baskets weighed twice and received pay twice for that much product, now I am taking this on the debt you owe me."

The chief grinned. He was caught. He would have to adjust the affair when he got home, but he could do that. Why blush about it? The trader had been very decent about it. He might have complained to the judge and there would have been a lot of trouble. Now the chief and the trader

understood one another and they were very good friends ever afterwards.

The native never resents a punishment that is just. He understands things that work directly from cause to effect. Sometimes he has difficulty in following European ways. In the above case he judged the white man as a good sport and they could now match their wits for future occasions.

When tax day comes around, as it does once a year, there is always much talk of how the village is to act before the government officer. Nearly every officer has his own way of doing things and they try to guess just what he will do. It is really an anxious day for many in the village. Many of them are trembling as they approach the paying table. Their own chief, who has been their friend before the trader and others, now seems to be on the government's side. He is wearing his big medal around his neck, which is a sign of authority, and the night before he came and took a chicken out of the coop and cut a bunch of plantains out of the garden without even asking if he might. "Didn't the white man have to be fed?" he roared in answer to protests, and "wouldn't he pay for them when the white man was gone?" Well, perhaps he might and then again he sometimes forgot to pass on the francs that the white man had paid for the food he had taken. They can't debate the matter now, as they have an officer in the village.

When the tax paying begins it is a wearisome job. The village roll is called and men, women and children attend. The great majority of them will have to stand all day in the sunshine. Each

man lines up with his wife and children, or wives and children. If there is more than one wife he has to pay five francs extra for each extra wife. If a man has only one wife and she has four living children he is exempt from tax. Strange as it may seem, the man with one wife often presents as many children as a man with two or three wives. There are a great number of Christians now exempt from tax because of this law.

On such a pay day the chief often takes an occasion to get even with some of the folks in the village. Perhaps a man appears before the officer and asks that he be exempt because of his four children. During the year this man has not been as docile as he might have been in carrying out the orders of the chief. The chief, likewise, does not want too many of these exempt people in his village, as they are apt to interpret the law to mean that they are also exempt from doing work in the village, such as clearing paths and general cleaning up. He therefore challenges the statement that there are four children in that man's house. The officer naturally has to listen. He knows that too often men will follow the native custom of calling the brothers' children his own. They are not exempt on that score. The chief demands the names of the children. The poor man gets excited and forgets the names of his children. He counts one twice over and when laughed at for that error he exclaims, "The last one hasn't a name yet." It happened the last one was born two nights ago and it has not yet received a name! "Ah," says the chief, "that is your four children, is it? I have never seen the fourth." (He knows it is

here all the same). "If it is alive a year from now you'll be exempt."

The white man has listened to this tale and perhaps has understood only a part of it. The chief says the man is not exempt. It was really none of his business. But he means to show his authority and he will test the white man to see how far he will let him go. The white man could have conducted the whole thing himself, merely asking the chief to state whether or not there were four children, but the native will test every white man on every occasion. Next day the chief will meet the father of the four and demand, "Who now is chief in this village? You or I? You don't get anything out of the white man unless I say so. Now this year behave yourself or next year I'll tell the officer you are a nuisance in this village and have you flogged." In most cases it is very easy for him to carry out his threat.

Most natives think the white man is very wise. That is, wise in the use of things he brings with him. The native thinks himself quite clever in things that he has possessed from his fathers. There are many things around a station which are a source of wonder. The first iron roofs on the dwelling at Lotumbe set them talking at once. They had never seen anything like it before. It made a fine starting point for a debate with the Catholic followers. Said our people: "Now, don't you see that our people are far superior to yours? Our white men live in a house with iron roof which will last forever and ever, and your priests just live in houses with palm leaf thatch, just like we do."

There is one thing the natives seldom see. It has not yet come within their ken that the wisdom of most white men is the collection of the race, or civilization; that one man can do so much because he can borrow from the past and also from the present; that because of the record of all men's wisdom collected in books and papers any man who can read can make himself do things which are mysteries to the ignorant. Here is a world locked up to the native. His own fathers had but a poor way of transmitting to him the wisdom which he acquired and his language shuts him off from much of the best knowledge of the world. He thinks that the white man has wisdom, because of the gospel. In the final analysis he would not be far wrong. If he could have seen the habits and customs of our fathers, before the gospel reached them, he would be much more confirmed in that opinion that he is today.

The native appreciates the day when the white man gets to know African ways and can give decisions which follow native thought and custom. He thinks then that the white man has real wisdom.

I believe, however, that to most natives the white man remains a constant contradiction. He appears to be very strong and yet his physical powers are limited. Every three or four years he must leave the country and go on furlough. His children do not thrive any too well in the adopted country. Often he is sick at night and by morning appears well. The native doesn't know that the white man makes himself appear well because he

does not wish to be taken advantage of because of his illnesses.

The white man always seems to have plenty. The mental attitude of most natives is, "We have never seen a poor white man." (Of course they are judging by local African standards.) "If he is hungry he can always buy fresh food. If he can't buy it, he has some food in cans in his cupboard. He always has three or four suits to which he can change. He is always handling a lot of money. (One hundred francs is a lot of money to a native.) Is it his money? What is a trading society or missionary society anyhow? Where does all this money come from? Who made it and who owns it? There always seems to be plenty. Why should we take care of the white man's things? If a thing breaks or wears out it usually comes on to us. Why not let a whole lot of things break or get lost, so that a great many things come on to us?"

Thrift, as the white man knows it, is not one of the strong points of the African people. If they have enough for today they are happy, and how can it be expected that they will be so very careful of the white man's things when he has so many? Yet some of the natives learn that there is need for care and they do try to look after things which are not their own.

With all the white man's seeming contradictions the native learns to love certain individuals. I think I may say without boasting that they love the missionaries as a class, and of the traders and government officers they pick out one here and there who learns to appreciate them and love them.

This is easily explained. The missionary knows more about the people than any other class of white men. He enters into their lives, he learns their language, and his one great aim is to try and comprehend their mental activities. They appreciate the fact that the missionary not only tries to teach them the gospel but also to help them in hundreds of other ways. Modern missions has a great program. It tries to uplift the entire life.

It often happens that a trader here and there gets twice as much business as his fellows. I have known two and three traders to live at the same place. One gets all the trade and the others get practically nothing. The explanation is usually that the one man they love, and he has a great reputation among them as dealing fairly with them.

The government official has the hardest role to fill of any white man in Africa. His words are authority and power. He has often to show this power. Individual officials incur the hate of the native. They use their power with great violence and the native detests them. Other government officials use their power with care and with kindness, and the native comes to think a great deal of them. Here and there will be found men of high character who fill their position well and have the respect of the natives.

Education has given the native a new field, that of letter writing. His letter usually contains one thought, and this one thought will be repeated over and over again. Here is a typical letter which every missionary will receive. It may be

written to a single missionary, man or woman, or to a married man who has his own family.

"Unto my teacher whom I love with all my stomach, I, Bolumbu, say unto you that I am in great difficulty. One of my very own family has arrived and is now sitting in my house and I have nothing to set before him. Now you are our father and mother and everything we have is because of your grace. This time won't you loan me five francs until pay day?"

The native is clever at flattery. He will try to make one missionary think that he is the whole thing in the Mission. The sun really revolves around him; he knows the language better than any other missionary; he knows the native customs and ways better than the natives themselves know them; his judgments in palavers is most clever; people never can get beyond his wisdom. And so on to the end. It is very nice, but it is only air, and he will be telling the next man who comes along the same thing, with a few more compliments added.

It is a well known custom for natives to choose certain men whom they consider their own. They attach themselves to that man and will work for him and serve him through thick and thin. They expect their white man to make allowances for their mistakes and they on their part will do the best they can for him. They will endure his particular ways, and if he has to punish them for their misdeeds they will accept that as part of the mutual understanding. They expect to work for him for years, and he on his part must not expect to discharge them for any little forgetfulness or negli-

gence, because they mean to help in hard places as well as easy ones.

This attitude is illustrated in the following tale. An officer of the government went with a few soldiers to try to establish relations with the people in the section of the country which had not accepted the white man's rule. The little band found themselves ambushed. Arrows began to fall around them and they were in great danger from the hidden natives. Immediately the native soldiers jumped in front of their white man. They were willing to take the wounds and even death to protect him. Afterwards when they came to talk it over one of them said, "If our white man is well he will get us out of any danger, but if he falls then we shall all be killed likewise."

The native thinks the white man is worth caring for, and those of us who have eyes to see and hearts to feel think of the native as an overgrown child, and know that the best way to get along with him is to love him all one can.

V.

THE MARRIAGE DOWRY

THE principle governing a marriage dowry seems to be embedded in the social fabric of the African people. Different parts of Africa have different articles for exchange, but the idea seems much the same the continent over. Here in Congo they exchange anklets, in the Ubangi a special kind of knife, in South Africa, cattle. Whenever a marriage takes place something must be passed from the boy's family to the girl's family. Among the French this is called the "dot." The natives call it "bosolo." As all the world knows, it is the custom with many nations of Europe to arrange a dowry. The girl brings to her marriage a sum of money, large or small, according to the wealth of her people. With this the young people start their life together.

In Congo it is the other way around. The boys think this is a great joke on the white man. "He is paid to get married," they say, "while we cannot take anyone's daughter until we first find sufficient anklets to satisfy her father and family." Many a native wishes that the French custom was theirs also. But whether the girl brings the money or the boy brings it, the principle is much the same.

To the Anglo Saxon this dowry custom always seems wrong. Perhaps our lady missionaries have the worst trouble of any adjusting themselves to this Congo habit. They regard it as buying a

wife. Yet in heathen life it appears that this social custom has had a beneficiary influence. The dowry is passed before witnesses—in a measure it corresponds to civilization's marriage license. If the "bosolo" is passed and accepted a marriage is considered to have taken place. If no "bosolo" is passed illicit association is established and considered wrong.

The method of passing the "bosolo" is this: The boy's people and witnesses go to the girl's home, and before the male members of the girl's family—father, uncles, brothers and cousins—the anklets are counted and counted and argued over perhaps for three days. Finally the leader on the girl's side agrees to the dowry. He stands up with switch broom in hand and calls out to the younger members of the palaver, "Go and cut that bunch of plantains over there in the garden and catch that chicken which is out in the yard. These things are evidence that we have now a 'bokilo,' (marriage relative)." After due time the new husband packs the plantains into his bride's baskets and she carries them away to her new home as evidence of her marriage.

Polygamy has greatly influenced the social life of Congo. Marriage, to a woman here, does not mean that she has left her father and mother and has gone to make a new family. She is expected to cling to her own family and get as much from her husband as she can. The exact amount of "bosolo" is never named. It is considered that presents will be demanded while life lasts. If some of the family come to visit the married daughter it means that they will not go home until they

receive an anklet or two. If a girl goes to visit her people she always expects to carry with her an anklet or some other present. If her husband starts her off with nothing he probably will not get her back until he goes himself with a present to her parents. He, therefore, usually saves time and money by sending it with his wife in the first place.

The native woman considers the question of a dowry right and proper. She laughs at the English and American customs of a woman going to live with her husband and not getting anything out of it for her family. She considers herself a slave unless her husband passes anklets for her. She says, "If he doesn't do this he has no investment in me. How will my family know that he means to treat me right if he doesn't pay for me?" It is his guarantee that he will care for me or he may lose a great portion of the dowry. If this money is passed we shall probably live peacefully and happy. But if he has not passed money we shall quarrel. And the first time I say, 'I am your slave, you never gave a dowry for me,' he will beat me and I shall run away."

I know of very few successful marriages where the "bosolo" has not been passed. In fact, more Christian families are broken up over this question than any other—the unwillingness or the inability of a man to give as much as the woman's family demands. The woman says her husband is stingy and does not love her and then they part. On this social question Christianity has a battle royal. Polygamy swallows up a great majority of the marriageable girls. The Christian young

men have to persuade these girls to leave their polygamous husbands before there can be enough girls to go around.

Then, a polygamist never passes over a very large part of the dowry until he has had the girl come to live at his house. He says that he does this so that he can observe her manners and behavior. This is the only courtship there is in heathenism, and the girl lives there in a wifely relationship and not as one who is only engaged. If they are not suited he sends her home again. This trial marriage is an abomination.

Here is an illustration of the difficulties almost every young man faces in obtaining a suitable wife. Ekembo was one of our brightest boys in school. He came to us when he was about twelve. His entire worldly possessions consisted of a loin cloth. He became a fine teacher and helped in office work. He reached the age of marriage and began to look for a wife. He wanted a girl that had not entered a harem. There were no Christian girls of his age and he hunted for two years for a girl of his own age and class. He visited village after village and saw no one. He had to do what almost every young man has to do—persuade a girl to leave the polygamous husband and become the only wife of a poor young man.

Now a new difficulty arose. His family was all dead and he could not get enough anklets together for the dowry. About that time the missionaries started a loan fund among themselves and they came to the boy's help.

The anklets used for the dowry were formerly obtained in this way: Brass coils were imported



Photo by Dr. Frymire.

THE MARRIAGE DOWRY



Photo by Dr. Frymire.

IT IS A HAPPY DAY WHEN THE EVANGELISTS COME
IN WITH THEIR ENQUIRERS

and cut eleven inches long. The native blacksmith molded this metal down and made shining anklets. Men and women often wore them. In 1911 this importation of brass coil stopped, and since then shining brass anklets which glittered in the sunlight have almost disappeared. Now it is exceedingly hard to get anklets. No other thing will do. Why? Custom. It would seem that a limited amount of brass coil imported would relieve a pressing or a fancied need. Many missionaries would like to do away with the dowry custom, but at present it can't be done. Native custom does not admit that a marriage has taken place unless the anklets are passed, and the government has taken the same attitude. Perhaps in the long run it is just as well, because the husband is nearly always willing to curb his anger when he remembers how much money his wife has cost him and the possibilities of getting it back are very small if he drives her away. It helps in this way to make native marriage more stable.

One young man was offering to pay fifty anklets at first for his marriage and I asked him why thirty would not do, but he said, "No, I don't want it to be a little but much, because then my wife will always stay with me and I shall never try to drive her away." A custom which a native believes in cannot be lightly set aside. If we only had Christians to consider the white man's civilized marriage service might be used, but the family of the man and the girl are heathens and they insist that, if there is a marriage, it shall follow the accepted customs of the place and country. Since

the dowry does seem to help stabilize marriage it is still allowed by most African missions.

But we also insist, since we agree to their custom and as these people who are about to be married are Christians, that a service celebrating this event shall take place between the young people. The heathen never objects to this, if they have reached an agreement before as to the method of paying the dowry.

I saw Mark Njoji, the Bolenge native pastor, perform a service in the Bolenge church which was most impressive and inspiring. The young couple marched up to the front of the church holding each other's hands—heathenism would laugh at a man treating a woman in public like that. Then Njoji asked and did not go on until he got an answer, whether all the requirements of the usual family dowry had been arranged. He then demanded if these people were living honest Christian lives and were fit subjects to take the vows before God. He would not go on until some one in the audience publicly said, "They were living well in the village." He then demanded of the man if he loved the woman and if he wanted to marry her and then the same of the woman. I sat in the audience bewitched at the way this native pastor was handling his own people. In fact I grew to be greatly alarmed lest the answers should not satisfy the pastor and there would be no marriage. But he was satisfied at last and went on with the service.

I have heard some women say that they were so excited they could not remember one word of their marriage service. Well, I venture to say that this

woman at Bolenge not only remembered a great many words of that service but she knew likewise that she was married. And that she and her husband had made many public promises before God which they expected to keep until death. In this age I wonder if this native marriage could not teach us over again some things we seem to have forgotten.

VI.

ONLY WOMEN BUT NOT WOMEN ONLY

IT was a woman who first received the Gospel in Europe. Paul found in Lydia a faithful follower. In our work here the first to believe is nearly always a man. In the beginning the number of men far exceeded the women in the church. Today this is no longer true, but the male element is still in the lead. This is easily accounted for by the fact that women have never had the freedom of choice that has been given to the men. A woman wishing to try new paths finds herself hopelessly involved in the hindrances of her own village life. Hence, until a goodly number of men become Christians, she cannot become a Christian.

Here are a few things that a Congo man says a woman knows nothing about, and a few in which she is versed: She doesn't know how to settle palavers. That is an affair for the men. If a man settles a palaver the thing is done (sometimes), but if a woman settles it no one abides by her decision—she herself would want to change the decision the day after the palaver was over. Hence when a palaver is on it is the men who sit around the chief and give advice. That does not hinder a woman from standing on the edge of the crowd and telling from time to time what she thinks. If she is very persistent, one of the men will shout at her, "Woman, what do you know about this? You are only a woman." That keeps her still for five minutes, perhaps.

Women are not supposed to know anything about money. It is the man who earns money and spends it. A woman makes the garden, but the man gets the money that comes from it. Until potatoes and rice began to be grown in the colony it was a shame for a man to be seen doing work on the soil, but potatoes and rice meant real money, and since money was a man's affair the shame was soon forgotten and the man was willing to do a good deal with the rice and potato work. For the same reason a man makes the women's dresses on the sewing machine. Wasn't it he who earned the money that bought the machine? If a woman is allowed to turn the handle she would break the needle inside of a minute. He therefore dictates Congo fashion by making all the women's clothes.

A woman does not know anything about house building or hunting or fishing in water where traps are used. These are all men's affairs. The man will build the house until it comes to putting the mud into the walls and then he suddenly forgets how that ought to be done, because he expects the woman to do that. The making of arrows and bows belongs to the wisdom of the man, and it is he who kills the meat and carries it home. Likewise, with traps and deep water fishing in the river it is a man's affair. Don't think, however, that a woman cannot paddle. Many of them are experts at that and often go with the men when they cross the river to fish.

A man admits that in the realm of cookery the woman is far ahead of the man. He says he is never well fed until he is married. From the day he gets out of the direct hand of his mother until

he gets a wife he is always hungry. Old men give this as a reason for having many wives. If one wife gets sick or runs off, who is to cook, they say? He must have a number to fall back on or there will be permanent hunger stalking around the house.

As mentioned above, it is the woman who knows how best to garden. A man will cut the big trees in a new patch and will clear away the brush and perhaps burn up the trash, then the woman comes in and does the rest. She plants the crop, cultivates it, and brings it home and cooks it and sets it before her lord. Why, of course, the man is willing to give her the privilege of doing this. He admits freely that it is her special realm and she does the work fine!

One must never forget that a native woman gets everything in its raw state. She is not privileged like her white sister to have a great portion of her food half prepared when it comes to the kitchen table. She must take her manioc and peel it, carry it to the swamp for a few days to soak and carry it back to her fireside. Her palm oil she must reduce herself from the palm nuts. If she wants any kind of meal she must pound it from the grain or raw material. She can keep very busy if she wants to. The firewood for cooking. Who brings that? The woman, of course. Sometimes the man will bring the very large logs for warming the house, but firewood is one of the things that a woman knows how to get and that is therefore in her realm. A division of labor is well worked out, even in Africa.

Women have been told so often that they don't

know how to do things that they half believe it. I have seen a woman who had to take money to her husband get quite flustered. She would call another man and ask him to hear what was said, as she didn't want to make a mistake. When I have laughed at her she has replied with all innocence, "You see, white man, I am a woman, and I don't know much about these things." The persistent drumming of one idea has produced the desired results. Men told women that they could never learn to read. They certainly seem to make progress slowly, but that is not so much their fault as the system into which they were born. They do read and their ability will grow as the burden of the ages is lifted from them.

Women like to dress in Congo just as they do in other lands. Sometimes that dress is most wonderful to behold. Tastes are growing, but what constitutes propriety they do not yet know. Sometimes they get hold of a corset and wear it in full view above other clothes. Sometimes they wear white stockings with holes which have not been darned, and their black skin shows through. Sometimes the stockings will be pulled on with the heel at the instep. It is humorous but very pathetic, as the poor girl does want to be nice and yet does not know the fine points.

For the greater part, Congo womanhood has exerted an influence for conservatism. The woman sticks to the old customs. She is the ever ready oracle for superstitious tales. While she is not supposed to know anything about a great many things, she influences the men in a way they are often not willing to admit. One sees her some-

times sitting quietly by, wearing only a loin cloth, her breasts bare. She seems to be quite in agreement with all that is being said. In fact, she does not seem able to express an opinion even if she has one. But don't be mistaken about this. Give her a chance to say a word and she will say a thousand. She will be on her feet in a minute. Her gestures will be most graceful as she gets warmed up. Her voice gets higher and higher and the muscles of her neck swell out until you think they will burst. She has an opinion, and if it is about a man, everybody for a half mile away cannot fail to hear that opinion. Sometimes it is not very complimentary.

The African can't get along without his woman-kind. He is the most lonesome and weary person unless there are women around. He traces it all back to Adam. I was told this story:

The Lord made Adam and left him in the beautiful garden. It was a very fine place, had everything the heart could desire, but when the Lord came back he found Adam sitting on a piece of firewood, with his head in his hands and his knees all bent up to his shoulders. The Lord looked at the dejected figure and said to Adam, "What is wrong with you? Are you sick?" "Oh, no, I am not sick, Lord, but I am lonely." "Very well," the Lord said, "I see it is not good that you should be left alone. I will make you a wife," and with that the man was able to smile at once.

VII.

FAMILY AFFECTION

YES, it is there, abiding and lasting love of parents for children and children for parents, particularly a child for its mother. You cannot offer a native a more bitter insult than to ask in contempt, "Who was your mother?" or, "Where is your mother?" Such a disparaging gibe has caused many a fight. Strange to say, taunts are not generally used against a father. A mother's love is considered stronger than that of a father. The following tale, of Njoku, however, is told:

Njoku is dead and gone to glory. He was quite old when he first heard the gospel. Soon after he was baptized he came to live at Lotumbe, and I shall always remember him, because of his love for his son whom he had not seen for years, and also for the care he gave to a stranger who died.

I was stretching a wire fence for the new pig field one day. It was near noon and blazing hot. I was hungry and tired and African heat does not smooth one's temper particularly. Njoku headed a delegation to tell me that a man had died in the village, and when they were to get him ready for burial there was not a piece of cloth to wrap the dead man in, and not even an old shirt to put on him. What were they to do?

I thought at first that they intended that I should foot the bill for the burial clothes and I replied nastily, "Why, that man has been in regular work for years. What has he done with his money?"

You find that he leaves nothing. Has anyone stolen his belongings? Are you expecting me to buy new things to bury him in, when so many people here do not have a shirt to wear while they are living? This new custom of yours of burying people between boards and dressing them in their Sunday best, is it good? Is'ea Mpela (Eldred) was not buried that way."

Old Njoku—for he was very old for Congo, (so few natives live to have grey hair) replied in his slow, drawling voice: "White Man, don't get angry. This man, you may remember, buried his wife about two months ago and he had many expenses at that time. She was sick for a long time before she died. We haven't come to ask you to pay the bill to bury this man, but we just thought we would tell people that they could give a franc or maybe half a franc to help buy this man a shirt. Now, white man, this new custom is not bad. It is Christian, isn't it? This man was a Christian. It may be when I die, and that may not be very long now, I am old and cannot work much any more, that people will come to bury me and they may not find an old shirt in my house in which to bury me, and if they should say 'Njoku didn't leave anything to bury himself in and we will bury him naked,' wouldn't I feel great shame? I think it would be very nice if they were to bury me like a Christian and not like a heathen. Perhaps they would sing a hymn and say a prayer over my grave."

I felt much rebuked by the old man's speech. Christianity had made a greater difference in him than I had known. I gave more than he asked

for the collection, and as I went home to dinner I mused that if I should happen to be here when old Njoku died he certainly should be buried in a shirt, even if I had to give one of my own.

It was soon noised abroad that a collection was being taken and I met several men on their way to their houses. I guessed what they were going to do but I thought I would try them.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"We are going home to try to find a half franc to buy a shirt for Mbondo. We don't want a Christian buried like a heathen."

Njoku, as I said, had a great longing to see his son. He sent repeatedly for the boy to come home, but he did not seem able to come. Njoku therefore determined to go to see him, all the way from Lotumbe to Bolenge. Now, Njoku had never been so far away from home, and it was necessary to make the journey by river. Traveling by steamer is very often cold and wet, and at night native passengers have to sleep under the shining stars. When I pointed out these difficulties to him he still remained fixed in his purpose that he must see his son before he died. When the steamer came he asked what time it would start in the morning.

"Maybe an hour before sunrise," I said.

"All right, I'll be there."

He was, and to make sure that the steamer did not leave him behind the next morning he was on the beach at eight-thirty the night before. He sat huddled in a heap, afraid to sleep, and by his side were two chickens tied together by their legs. These were presents for his son.

Njoku had never ridden on a steamer before.

It was awesome business getting started off in the darkness. The hissing of the steam and the movement of the boat made him feel that he would be better off back at home by his little fire. But he was tired from his night vigil, and seeking a place under the boiler, where it was warm, he slept for the greater part of the day.

There are few joys equal to that of a parent's feeling for his child. It didn't take Njoku long to find his son. Nor were either of them satisfied with a hug when they met, but sat down on the ground with their arms around each other for hours that night. It seemed they could not be separated. When it was time to return up river Njoku could hardly be brought in time for the boat. He would have been glad if it left him behind.

Njoku had not been far wrong. He did not stay with us long, only a few months, after this trip.

It was not necessary to take a collection to bury him like a Christian. He had more than a shirt and was even buried in a well made coffin.

VIII.

SOME MENTAL KINKS—HOW MANY CHILDREN WERE BORN?

THE missionary was in a brown study. The sun had not yet risen and he had not had his breakfast. Mist hung on the river and everything was soaked with tropical dew. He was on his way to the morning prayer service and to give the men and boys their work. As he stepped off the porch of his house he was greeted by a small school boy.

"Bondele oecwa?" (White man, are you awake?)

"O, Boyengo, Oecwa? (Yes, Boyengo, are you awake?)

"O. (Yes). White Man, my mother bore a child last night and I want you to excuse me from work today. I am going to get her some firewood."

"What have you, a new brother or a new sister?"

"Nkana." (Sister).

"All right, you may go. How are your mother and sister?"

"Babika." (They live).

The missionary went on his way thinking to himself that that couple should be contented. The child had evidently been born at night, agreeing with their superstition that a child born after nightfall has so much better chance to get along in the world. The thought is, perhaps, that the evil spirit cannot find a child that is born after dark. This, the missionary mused, may account for the fact that all Christians like very much to

tell about the birth of Jesus. They do delight to tell the story.

"That baby child was not born in the morning and he wasn't born at mid-day and he wasn't born in the afternoon," they say, "but at night, late, midnight perhaps. When all the world was hushed and still and everybody sound asleep the Son of God was born."

According to Luke that really is about the way it happened. The angels sang over Bethlehem's hills while it was very dark and the thrill of their gladness has made many an African village, even in the solitude of the forest stillness, sing and be glad.

The morning prayer service ended, the missionary began calling the roll of workmen. One man answered "present" and asked that he might be excused from work that day, as his wife had borne a daughter. He said that he wanted to go to get firewood and food from his garden. His name was Bondoko.

"All right," replied the white man, "you may go. Is Boyengo your son?"

"No, White Man, the child that was born in my house last night was my first born."

Thought the missionary, the population is increasing. Two girls born the same night. He continued calling the roll and came to the names of the school boys. Near the end of the roll a small boy by the name of Bokoji spoke:

"White Man, may I be excused from work to-day? My child has borne a girl child and I want to go and get firewood."

"Eh, what's this!" cried the missionary in sur-

prise. "Your child bore a daughter and you are not old enough to have a wife! Is Bondoko your father?" His brown study was over. He was now wide awake.

"No, White Man, Bondoko is no relative of mine."

"Is Boyengo your brother?"

"No, White Man, Boyengo comes from the same village that I do, but he does not belong to my family."

"What is the name of the person whom you call your child and who has a new daughter?"

"Bolumbu."

"And what is the name of Bondoko's wife?"

"Bolumbu."

"And what is the name of Boyengo's mother?"

"Bolumbu."

"Then how many children were there born last night, three?"

"We know of but one new baby in town, White Man."

This last was said by everybody as they were enjoying to the full the white man's expression, as he got farther into the puzzle.

"Tell me," he said, "Bolumbu is the mother of Boyengo. Bolumbu is the wife of Bondoko and likewise Bolumbu is the child of Bokoji, and yet these three people profess not to know one another. What are you trying to put over on me?"

"Oh, that is easily explained," said one, and he talked for ten minutes explaining the unexplainable. It took a great many tens of minutes to get it straight.

When you touch African relationships you are

in a thread of mystery and a hopeless maze. Perhaps you are on a journey, days away from the station. Just to have something to talk about you ask one of the boys, "Have you ever visited the village we are coming to?"

"White Man, never since I was born have I been over this road. It is just as new to me as it is to you."

When you wake from the siesta you find this boy waiting for you at the door. He has come to show you his sister.

"But," you protest, "you told me not two hours ago that you had never been here before, and you knew nothing of these parts. How can you have a relative here?"

"Teacher, long, long ago, very long ago, when I could hardly walk, there was a fight and this sister of mine was carried off. It was years before we knew that she was alive and then we heard she was married, but we never knew where she was."

"Did you both have the same father and mother? You don't look alike at all."

"Oh, no, our fathers and mothers were both different. Our great-grand-parents were related."

That boy will not be hungry while he is in that village. "Sister" will see to that!

About this particular case. I doubt if I can make it clear. I even confess that it gets a bit misty to me at times. One thing is certain, there was one child only born and not two or three. In the first place all aunts are called mother and all uncles are called father. It is not uncommon for a school boy to ask to go home to his village because his mother has died and a month later come again and

ask to go home because his mother is sick. The missionary thinks of the office boy who has to find a new excuse about every week so that he can attend the ball game. If you remind this Congo boy that a month ago he went home to bury his mother he will say, "Yes, that was to bury my mother's sister who died. This is my real mother who bore me, who now is sick."

These relationships often work this way: A father dies and leaves some wives and a son and a daughter. Perhaps these two children are by the same mother. This man also had a brother who was older than himself. Who gets the few things that the man left behind? His wife and son and daughter? Not if the older brother and uncle of those children has anything to say. Some day the daughter will marry. Who will get the marriage dowry of sixty to one hundred anklets? Not the wife nor the son. Uncle again will step in and take charge of everything. Remember, he has been called father, and he takes that position. It is not uncommon for a nephew to have right over a son. In native terminology nephew is also son.

But Bolumbu was the aunt of Boyengo, the sister of Boyengo's mother. He therefore had a cousin and not a sister, as we would think.

Bolumbu was the wife of Bondoko and this was their first-born child.

Bolumbu was the child of Bokoji, but Bokoji himself was only a child, while Bolumbu was ten years older than he. How did that come about? The father of Bolumbu and the father of Bokoji were related and Bokoji took the rank of his father who was now dead. The father called Bolumbu

"child" and Bokoji who took his father's rank also called her "child."

"But," you may ask, "did Bokoji get permission to go off into the forest to get firewood?"

He did not. It was a great thing to have a new baby in the village, it is true, but two persons were enough to go and get firewood to keep that little girl and her mother warm.

I even doubt if Bokoji ever had any intention of going to get firewood. He wanted to go fishing.

IX.

AFRICAN WASTE

THE power of heathenism has to be felt in order to be realized. Paul spoke of wrestling with principalities and powers, with the rulers of darkness in the world and spiritual wickedness. Congo life furnishes such a setting. Choose any village you like and observe it for some time. At first it seems the most peaceful place on earth, but when you enter into the life and thought of the village, you will soon find a different tale. To the natives, as we have said, there is a spirit world all around them and there are no good spirits. All are evil and are trying to bring disaster upon mankind. Charms must be secured, and with these there may be some hope of improving conditions, but no one is ever sure that his charm is potent to do its work. In the New Testament translation we have the Holy Spirit, which comes to help and comfort. This opens a new world of love and goodness. It is the only good Spirit they know. In our translations we call it the "Good Spirit."

In the home land the church is often derided, both by its friends and enemies, for ineffective service, but in Africa we know the wonderful blessing of the church. Day by day it sends out into every phase of life its sweetening influence. It comforts and cheers and points the way to the best in life. Heathenism does nothing like that. Heathenism's normal attitude is blackness, empti-

ness and aching void. It is usual to write of the good points and homely virtues of native peoples. This book has and will continue to show forth these good characteristics, but this is a chapter on waste and it must admit that all is not well in heathenism. But for the easy-going habits of these people their mental background would carry them to despair. What white race could believe what these people believe and survive? Heathenism compels men to conform to the hidden past. It wants no advance and no changing of the old order.

The first indictment against heathenism is that it binds the mental life with unbreakable bonds. Its conception of God is impossible. It forces the acceptance of the beliefs of the fathers and discourages every pursuit of investigation.

Next, heathenism rejoices in moral evil. It believes in it and sanctions it. Everyone who is baptized is sought out and tempted back again into the evil of the past. Heathenism tries to stop every new Christian home by trying to get the man to consent to take a number of wives. Lying is a fine art if you can deceive anyone. Stealing is to be practiced, so you don't get caught. Never believe in anyone except your own family. Heathenism has no faith. Faith and credit on which commerce is carried on is unknown among these heathen peoples. I can say to a Christian, "I will give you a letter on Bolenge for one hundred francs," and he would believe me and go all the way from Lotumbe to Bolenge in that faith. But a pure heathen would think I was making a fool of him. He doesn't know anything about such a transaction. Seeing is believing with him. If I

owe him one hundred francs he would want to take it with him. He would not believe that any letter I might write would produce the money at Bolenge.

In the third place, heathenism supplies very little in a physical way. The climate is hard, but no effort has been made to overcome it. Perhaps more than half of the children born die before they are two years old. Sick people die not so much from their diseases as from starvation. There is no food suitable for a sick person in a heathen home. A mother will be out from her hour of trial in two or three days, out-of-doors with her new-born babe on her hip, the little thing's eyes staring at the Congo sun. Or it may be raining, but mother and child go out as usual. If sickness comes, is it caused by lack of care? Not at all. Evil spirits have bewitched the mother and her child.

How many boys and girls have we raised on the mission, bright active ones, only to see them die before their time, sometimes with sleeping sickness, sometimes with tuberculosis, sometimes with unmentionable maladies. Heathenism has no hope for any of these, no remedy, and what is worse no desire to try to prevent these diseases, or find a cure.

Here is the bright spot in Christianity. It does care. It does want things to be better. Christ furnishes a mental life in which the spirit of man can grow. His teaching gives a people a happy moral atmosphere, in which young womanhood is safe and virtuous. Christ healed the sick when he walked in the Holy Land and modern missions tries to heal those in sickness and to teach the

means of keeping well. These great blessings are beginning to be known by the people of Africa and they are seeking to know the Christ who brings to them such wonderful help.

X.

DENIZENS OF THE FOREST

THE two animals most talked about by the people of this section of the Congo are the elephant and the leopard, the one for his ponderous weight and his capacity for destruction, the other for his mean, sneaking habits. The leopard is a night prowler and strikes and carries off his prey under cover of darkness. The native idiom, "I am scratched with claws," may have had its origin in the thought of what a leopard can do with his claws. The natives use this idiom when they are in pain or when any sudden trouble comes upon them.

The elephant travels in herds for the most part. Occasionally an old solitary bull is found wandering by himself. He is usually very bad tempered. This seems to be the reason that the herd has driven him off by himself. When these animals visit a garden they will completely spoil it in an hour. Manioc is pulled up and tender stems and roots eaten, sweet potatoes are dug up clean, not a tuber left in the ground. Palm trees are pushed over, the outer stems stripped off, and the heart of the palm completely eaten up. Just one visit will spoil what has taken years to grow, for what the elephant doesn't eat he pushes over and tramples under his mighty feet.

The native method of killing these mountains of flesh is not very effective. Sometimes a narrow

pit is made into which the elephant falls with one leg. The more usual method is to make a trap in the following way:

A place is found where the elephants seem to have been recently and where they are known to come often to get food or water. A long pole, maybe a dozen feet long and six or eight inches in diameter, is suspended in the air. This pole is of the hardest and heaviest wood possible. Into the lower end an arrow on a long shaft is fixed. A piece of vine is tied across the path and this vine when pushed touches off the trigger, which causes the great pole to fall. Down it comes with a sickening thud, and if it strikes the elephant between the shoulder blades his days are numbered. Sometimes the arrow pierces so deep that he dies in his tracks, but often, when he is not standing in the right position, he springs the trap. He then gets away and sometimes dies miles from the trap. His bones and ivory are found months afterward.

A herd of elephants will help one another. When one is wounded two of the herd will support him, one on either side to keep him on his feet. If he lags and the hunters are near one will pick up great sticks and thrash him over the back to keep him moving.

One such elephant was laid low in a trap described above and lay four days unable to get up. Every time the hunters began to gather he would bellow aloud and the herd could be heard crashing through the forest to his aid. In spite of the arrows they shot into him, on the morning of the fifth day he was gone and never found afterwards.

Arrows shot from bows are just so many pin-pricks on these mighty beasts.

The natives say they get drunk like men. At certain seasons of the year they will gather at certain places to eat the fruit and leaves of a tree which makes them drunk. Then they play in a ring and dance, the natives assert. These playing places are stripped of trees and the ground stamped hard with their weight.

The natives have many humorous and human stories about the elephant. For instance, today while passing through the forest I remarked upon a wide, well-trodden elephant path.

"Yes," said the guide, "that is the path the elephant takes when he goes to pay his tax to his big chief."

I can not remember that these human characteristics are ever attributed to the leopard. He is very fond, however, of visiting human abodes. He comes always to kill. The natives put his victims in the following order: Goats, first, when he can find no goats he will kill dogs, then chickens, then he will begin on black people, after that on the white people. Personally, I have never known him to get very far in this list. This is to be said, however, that a child, white or black, stirs up all his killing blood. When he is in captivity, a child passing his cage will make him pace his bounds with wild, glittering eyes.

Certain witch doctors claim to own and control a leopard and send it to torment villages. Years ago it was so claimed at Lotumbe. A trap was made and the leopard killed, but not before he had found an entrance into the goat pen and killed the

whole flock of eleven. It was thought he was carrying out the wishes of a witch doctor.

Once a leopard is killed the supposed owner just grins and keeps very still about it. The man who has the right to wear a leopard skin is the man of rank, and at the present time these men are being given the position of chief by the government.

A year ago a pair of leopards was visiting Lottumbe two or three nights a week. The goats were plentiful and they had easy hunting. Traps were set but without effect. Once one of the leopards was actually in the trap, but broke the trap open before he could be killed. Another time he sprang the trap and killed the bait which was a goat, but he was not caught. Several times in the morning tracks were found around the missionaries' houses, and finally he killed a goat not many feet from Dr. Frymire's door. That deed was quite venturesome and the doctor set to work to match it.

The next night a goat was tied about thirty feet from the house, on the track of the previous night's depredations. On the porch of the house the doctor has a dark room for photographic work and in this room he began his night's vigil. The village was quiet by nine o'clock and before ten o'clock the doctor heard a dull thud, and looking through the tiny window he saw a black object standing by the white goat. A flashlight showed the leopard with his great fangs in the goat's throat. Bang! went the shotgun and a brain wound bowled him over, though two more shots were necessary to kill him. He proved to be a giant size, the finest leopard skin I ever saw. His mate never returned.

Her lord being dead she sought a new hunting ground.

The wild pig or boar furnishes good meat for the natives at certain seasons of the year. The pig is a reddish brown, and when grown has two large teeth which protrude out of the sides of the jaw. With these teeth he can do great damage in a fight, as many a hunter has discovered to his sorrow. When wounded the pig will turn at once and charge at the hunter. I have known several natives to die from these wounds. One in particular was an evangelist who was hunting by himself. He shot a pig with an arrow but the pig turned on him and killed him on the spot. It was a week before his dead body was found.

Sometimes the grown male weighs as much as two hundred and fifty pounds. I saw one that was covered with scars which the natives declared were from the claws of a leopard. One wonders what the outcome of such a fight would be. The leopard is nimble and swift, but the boar has both courage and power, and if he is able to get in a blow with his sharp teeth, his victory would be sure.

The buffalo does not like the forest, but roams in the grassy plains of the Ubangi. His flesh makes splendid meat and his hide is the best skin obtainable for leather making. There are many kinds of antelopes. These are often killed by twenty or thirty men hunting together and driving them to a certain place where a net is spread. While the antelope is seeking to free itself from the net he is shot down with an arrow. Sometimes a pig is held

this way but he often breaks the net and gets away.

In the rivers are found the hippopotamus and crocodile. Neither of these is easy to kill but with a rifle they are occasionally obtained. With all this, meat is not plentiful in Africa. In fact there is always a meat hunger and when any meat is killed and is for sale the whole village will crowd around hoping for a chance to get a fourth of a pound. Domestic animals are what the country needs and in this the mission is trying to help make a beginning.

Book II

PALAVERS

WHAT ARE PALAVERS?

THE African palaver is unique in itself. It is an every day affair. It does not mean that there is a quarrel to settle every time there is a palaver, although there are a good many of those. There may be a palaver when anything is sold which concerns the members of the village. When any one is to get married there is a meeting of the families concerned. That is a palaver. When an evangelist goes to a village for the first time and asks permission to preach, the chief may gather the elders or the whole village to hear what is to be said and to decide if they will adopt that sort of thing for the village. That is a palaver.

The white man must of necessity give a great deal of time to palavers. They give him the vital touch with the people. He can do some of his finest teaching in that way. Sometimes it is quarrels, sometimes it is debts, sometimes it is an affair of women, and often it is real trouble in which much advice and council is necessary.

A certain man was to be married. His girl arrived at the village and he came after some days. We naturally expected him to bring the girl up the first day for the service. There was no reason to wait. After three days he wrote a note asking if he had ever been out of the church, if he was in debt to anyone, if he had taken anybody's wife and so on, but no mention of the marriage. We sent for him to know what the letter meant.

And his answer was, "Why don't you call a palaver to see when I am to be married?" To which we replied, "You don't need a palaver but a marriage. Go and get the girl."

I.

WHEN THE GOBLINS WALKED AT LOTUMBE

“**W**HITE MAN, is this a land of peace and quietness?”

The speaker was a coal-black native. He prided himself on his smartness and also on his self-righteousness. Today, however, someone had got ahead of him and he was the loser. He took his loss very hard. The white man was sitting on the steps of his bungalow and the native had taken this opportunity to come and tell him his troubles. At the above question, the white man smiled, and said that he had not heard of any wars or fights and asked, “What is the matter, Lofembe, have you a palaver?”

“Yes, I have a palaver. A very great one. One that is most serious, and the way you cut this palaver (settle it) will decide if this is going to be a place of peace or war. As to myself, I left my home many years ago and came to live at the Mission. Did anyone ever tell you that in my own village I was a trouble maker, and since I came here has anyone come to you and said, ‘Lofembe doesn’t behave himself?’ Whose things have I stolen? Have I taken anyone’s wife? Have I begun a fight with anyone? (If you had been watching the white man’s face you would have seen a smile pass over it. He doubtless remembered that he could tell the speaker that on several occasions he was not as righteous as he seemed). How is it, then, that a man of peace and quietness, one who has no

debts with any one, while he is asleep at night, should have his gardens ruined and the roof of his house blown off? And all this by a man out there at Eleke. What has that man got against me? Here are the plantains in my garden lying flat on the ground. The manioc is also broken off. This garden which I and my wife planted is absolutely ruined. (The wife did the planting of the garden). Now, I want you to write for me a book (letter) to the government officer so that I can have this man arrested. Make the book strong so that I can get five hundred francs. If you don't do this, I shall starve, I and my wife and the children who are depending on me."

Then the white man asks, "You refer to the damage done by a storm three nights ago?"

"Yes," and off he goes again, but the white man stops him.

"Did others in the village have their gardens ruined by the same storm?"

"Yes, White Man, all the gardens are spoiled."

"Then why are you crying so loud, when others are losers as well as you? I have not heard anyone else making a complaint."

"But, White Man, why should a man at the village of Eleke destroy my garden by a storm?"

Why argue with him? Is it not a world-wide question? Why do storms come? Who sends them? Why destructions and loss? Does God allow these things to happen? The African does not often blame God. He has an answer which is sufficient for his present mental standing and development. The missionary usually takes time to try and lift from his parishioner's mind the corner

of the dark sheet of superstition. Here is the history of the above case told in story. The case happened and the causes are told in harmony with the belief of the natives.

Mbela was in need of a wife. He had grown up in the village and had seen all the girls of his own age married to old men who were already well supplied with other wives. He still remained single, because he could not raise the marriage dowry himself and his family would not help him. The girl whom he particularly wanted was married to an old man near Lotumbe. This old man had four other wives and Mbela thought that was carrying things too far. He became desperate and determined to gain by strategy what he was refused by fair means.

There lived not far from his own village an old witch doctor and Mbela went to seek his help. The witch doctor was an independent old gentleman. He refused to have anything to do with the case and his refusal was more definite since he noticed that the lad had come empty handed. Mbela felt sure that he was on the right track and he visited the old man so often that the neighbors began to ask if he meant to make blood friendship with the witch doctor. One day he took with him two chickens and three francs and five centimes. I could never tell if it was the odd centimes that won the old dealer in mystery or not. He spent a great deal of time counting those centimes, and it was only after some dozen attempts that he finally got the sum correct. Then he told the man to come back and see him in three days and bring with him a certain bark from a tree that is very rare.

"Don't let anyone see you cut that bark," he said, "and don't let anyone know what you bring to me."

It was quite late on the third day when Mbela returned. In fact, he had spent almost all of that time in the forest trying to find the right kind of tree, and it was late on the third afternoon, miles from any habitation, in the forest depth, that he found the tree he needed. It was nearly dark when he reached the witch doctor's house. Neither of them spoke of the reason for the packet of leaves which contained the bark. Mbela decided to stay for the night in the village and the witch doctor shared his supper with him. After all the village was sound asleep the witch doctor cautiously untied the bundle. He seemed well pleased with what he saw and he even allowed Mbela to watch him cut it into strips, and when this was done, to place it on the fire to boil. But how he fixed the final magic Mbela never knew, for sleep overcame him and even his desire to see how he was to get a wife could not keep him awake. It is quite certain that had he been awake the witch doctor would never have let him see how he captured the spirit that was to live in that most wonderful charm.

Next morning the witch doctor handed to Mbela his little bundle of strong medicine. He was not to open the bundle—it was smaller than a hen's egg—and he was not to allow anyone to touch it. He gave many other instructions, among them one telling him to go to his own village and stay there until the first stormy night, when he might try the potency of his charm.

The dry season was now well advanced. In fact

storms might be expected almost any day. It was the tenth day before there was any sign of rain. That day had been exceedingly hot. The sun had made the village street a blaze from early morning until late afternoon. Even then there was no sign of storm until fully two hours after sunset. Then the thunder and lightning began. Mbela was ready to go, but he did not relish the long, ten-mile march through the forest. If he was to gain his object, however, the start had to be made, and without speaking a word he slipped out through a path at the back of his house and soon was on the forest path that led to his sweetheart's village.

What a night! Wild and dark, and yet ablaze every few minutes with vivid lightning. The dry season was over, that was certain. Walking was most difficult on such a night. The path was full of roots and fallen logs. Mbela's eyes could never get used to the darkness, for just as he was getting accustomed to it the flash of lightning would seem to cut the path in a thousand pieces. Great trees were struck on each side of him and fell with a deadly crash. He stubbed his bare toes time and again, and wished that the witch doctor had given him some other time to try his powers than a night like this. Queer shadows seemed to rise in front of him and run away from him, while those behind him, when he had nerve enough to turn his head, seemed to be following hard after him. He saw he was not alone. Every few minutes the lightning would reveal an antelope ahead, or a wild pig, or a snake or a porcupine. They seemed like companions of the forest, and he knew their common enemy, the leopard, was not near. He had his

bow and arrow in his hand, but it never occurred to him and to try and kill one of these friendly animal folks.

After what seemed like an endless age he saw the fires of the first village. His sweetheart lived in a village beyond this, still one hour's march away. There was no path around the village. He had to go straight through it and he had to get through without anyone greeting him. That was the witch doctor's instructions. Once he left his house he must not turn back and he was not to speak to anyone until he called for the girl. He waited on the fringe of the village until there was a quiet time and then he ventured forth. The village was sound asleep, but it was still early night and anyone might wake up at the sound of footfalls. He made not a sound and even the dogs that might have noticed him were too busy scratching their fleas to bark. In a minute or two he had passed all the houses and the forest again swallowed him up. His charm was now working fine. He carried it tied around his shoulder and neck so that it hung mostly under his arm. In less than an hour he would see if it was able to give him his mate.

Inkokokia was a pretty girl. She had no love for the man she called husband. She had received many days ago a message she did not understand. All she knew was that Mbela was coming to see her. That he would expect her to run off with him she did not understand, and she knew nothing of the charm he had prepared nor the time of his coming. She had now waited so many days for him that she began to think he would never come.

She could not sleep on this particular night because of the roar of the thunder and the brightness of the lightning. Suddenly she heard an animal's call right near the house. It was repeated a second time. She looked out from under the low eaves and saw, with the next flash of lightning, her lover's face among the plantains in the garden. In a moment she was at his side.

Mbela, in gaining the village, had not ventured down the main and only street of the little hamlet, but had chosen instead to go behind the houses. He knew the house where Inkokokia lived, or rather the group of houses, of which hers was one. Some of these houses were closed in with walls and one was an open one with low eaves and no walls. He would have to guess in which of these the girl was sleeping. He went first to the open house where three or four people were asleep on the low beds. It was hard to tell if the girl was one of these. He ventured to give the animal call used by hunters and at the second sound the girl sat up and came straight out to him. Could anyone want a stronger medicine than that? They started to leave the village together.

The electrical display of the night was now about over and the real storm began. The wind sprang up and began to blow with terrific force. Old, rotten poles in some of the houses cracked and down came the roof on the top of the owner. People were no longer asleep and were calling to one another out of the darkness. It was easier to escape because of this, as the people were moving around and would take no notice of two who were running. There was one other thing that Mbela had to do

to complete the witch doctor's orders and that was to burn the last house in the village. He saw a low fire fanned into flame in one of the outhouses, and picking up a brand he stuffed it into the roof of the palm leaf thatch. The dry season had dried out every particle of damp from that thatch and the roof burnt up like a paper box filled with oil. The wind added to the speed of the flames, and before Mbela and his girl could reach the forest path, the roof had fallen in and the poles were on the ground still blazing.

The fire called all the people out of their houses. They, of course, thought that the wind had carried a spark and set the house on fire. The wind still increased, and with it the first dash of rain, but they were afraid to return to their houses. The roofs of some of the houses were taking the wings of the wind and flying over into the forest. Others were falling flat and catching fire as they fell. The plantain patch at the back of the houses was blown over and great trees near the village that had stood for a century were torn up by their roots. Now the wind changed and the fury kept up from the opposite direction. In the brief lull a message from a drum was heard. Everybody strained to hear what it meant. It pounded out slowly: "Don't try to follow us or you will have a great storm." The young couple had reached the next village and now had the audacity to publish their flight.

"Where is my wife, Inkokokia?" asked her husband.

Her name was called all through the village, and there was no response.

"It is plain," said he, "that that sweetheart of

hers that I have been hearing about has brought a storm upon us, burnt a house and stolen a wife. He shall pay tomorrow."

The next day when the elders gathered to hear the palaver, it did not take them long to decide that Mbela was guilty of those three things. They also scolded his family for not getting him a wife long ago and driving the boy to such great lengths. They said that he must now pay the piper. But Mbela had not counted on paying for the damage of the storm. He protested that he had nothing to do with that. Was he God that he could control the elements? The elder group then said that his family must furnish the money for the wife that very day and Mbela was to pay two thousand francs for the house he burned. He was to find that sum himself. But they would not insist on paying for damage done by the storm, as there might be palavers after every rain shower.

"Now," said the white man to the coal-black native, "Did you go fishing during the dry season?"

"Yes, I went and I killed a great number of fish." (You could not expect him to admit that he killed less than a very great number).

"Did you ever remember the time when the river remained low the whole year around so that you could kill fish every month of the year?"

"No, there are always the months of flood and the months of low water. Fish could not breed otherwise."

"How does the river come to rise in this way?"

"By the rains."

"Then every time it rains some one in the village

of Eleke or some other village gets a bunch of charms and causes the clouds to drop water."

"Perhaps not every time." But this was made with much reservation, as he saw that he was going to be caught and he wanted to be known as a man of wisdom.

"Now listen," said the white man. "You are supposed to be a man who knows a great many things. Rain does not come because of what men can do with charms or native medicine. When you go to school you will hear the real explanation. The dry season is over, the wet season is here. It will rain perhaps again today and then again tomorrow. God made his seasons long ago and he sends us light and darkness and rain and shine. Storms are part of nature's processes. You have no palaver with anyone. Don't let people laugh at you because you think you have one. Go get poles and prop up your plantains and perhaps you can save a great many. The palaver is finished."

Lofembe went off without a word. He would never admit that folks might laugh at him.

II.

THE AFFAIR OF SONGOLO AND FAKALA

THIS palaver began in 1911 and was settled in 1923. Thirteen years of dispute will be told in about thirteen paragraphs or less.

Songolo was an old workman of the mission. He was a man of a good deal of force of character. He could do things and get others to do them too. He became an evangelist and was quite successful in that work for many years. Songolo was among the first of those preachers who went to a distant field. He was the leader of the group. He chose a village near the river and began to gather many people about him. Some of these thought they would make their home at this new place, and they left their own villages for that purpose. Among them were women who were tired of the polygamous régime and who wanted to be Christians. Naturally, chiefs and husbands who were losing their women flocked to the government officer with tales that the new village was breaking up their ancient families and that extra wives were running away and being found in the new village. The officer soon told the people that they could become Christians if they chose, but they could not change their address to do so. They must live where they were born. Also, if women left their husbands, pay must be given at once, that is, the dowry that the first husband had paid must be returned without delay.

The mission had no quarrel with this ruling. It was quite evident that everybody who became Christian could not change his village. They had better stay at home and help to establish a church there. Likewise some women were liable to flock to villages that were not under white supervision and would soon be in a worse state than polygamy. If they really wanted to be different there was always a way, even if that way was very hard for them to find.

Near to this new village was a trading post where a man named Fakala worked. He and Songolo were friends. They had grown up in villages not far apart. Fakala heard the new Story, and when his work was done he would often go to the evening meetings. He had about decided to become a Christian when one day he saw a girl about his own age in the congregation. He inquired who she was and learned that she was a seeker of the gospel and that she had left her polygamous husband, but because of state ruling would have to return to her lord, since she had no one to redeem her dowry. Fakala decided at once that he and the girl should be baptized the same day and probably married also. It seemed almost like love at first sight with these two people. They really had a love match, and there are so few of them in Congo. He was far away from home, however, and he had no family handy to help him with his anklets. There was no one near to help him but Songolo.

Fakala worked hard and every day he would buy cloth and Songolo would make this into clothes and these would be sold for anklets, but anklets could not be obtained fast enough that way, so

Songolo gave some of his own to complete the dowry. The young couple came to Lotumbe, were baptized and married.

Now, someone had to take the brunt of all this change, and it fell upon Songolo. It was he who kept the former lord from coming and taking the girl away by force, and it was he who also got the girl's people to agree to the new marriage. It is not the custom in the Congo for a young man to pass the dowry direct to his girl's parents. He has a witness who does this, and Songolo acted in that capacity. He gave first the sum that had to be returned to the former husband, and when the husband was satisfied he gave some more to satisfy the girl's own family. Of course, all the money went through the family. Now, it often happened that Songolo passed presents in this way when Fakala was not present and did not see them because he was away working. Indeed, Fakala was working at Lotumbe at this time. He was quite happy, even if he did not know what was being done for him far away.

The dowry method is not so one-sided as it seems. The girl's people often send her and her husband such things as chickens, plantains, dogs, and meats of different kinds. These, of course, do not reach the same total in money that the dowry does, but it follows the African method of giving and receiving presents. In this case Songolo received these presents in behalf of Fakala. Some of them he passed on and some of them he kept. He thought there would be no trouble about this. They owed him a great deal on this case anyway,

he argued, and these presents could be deducted from the total.

About this time, the father of Fakala's wife died, and of course she went home to see her mother and family. A very vital subject in the families' conversation is husbands and dowries, and they mentioned certain presents they had sent to their daughter and her husband. The wife, whom we will call Ilalio, stared with wide eyes, for she had never seen or heard of some of the presents named. The fact of the matter was that Songolo had received some things which he could not send to Fakala, even if he had wanted. Chickens and dogs and meat cannot be sent any great distance in the Congo. The natives sometimes expect the impossible as for instance: A noted Belgian was traveling in Congo and a certain native took a fancy to him and presented him with a duck. "Now, this is not for you," he said, "but for your wife. Take it to Belgium to her." The duck was grey with age to begin with, and of course the cost of getting it to Belgium was prohibitive, but that had never occurred to the native.

In some sections a mother-in-law and her son-in-law are never on speaking terms. That is not because they have a quarrel, but because custom requires that they shall not meet one another. If son-in-law meets mother-in-law, just as they turn a corner, it means that son-in-law must give a present. Often when mother-in-law visits her daughter a temporary room is built to the house and every time son-in-law comes home he stands and calls first, "Is it safe for me to come in?"

To return to the story:

The mother of Ilalio said: "I am now a widow. I am going to treat my son-in-law like a son. When he has anything to give me it shall be given direct to me and not go through any witness."

She kept her word and now the adopted son supports his mother-in-law. She is a Christian and has set aside native customs because of her religion.

But the big palaver was now on. Songolo contended that he did nothing out of the way because he was owed a great deal of money, and Fakala said that that was not the case, as Songolo was now in his debt for all the presents he had received in his behalf and even went so far as to say the original dowry had been supplied by himself and that Songolo had merely acted as a witness. The affair was talked over and over many times by native people before it reached the white man. Sometimes one side had the decision and sometimes the other side.

Human nature is much the same the world over. These two men came to hate one another. Any two men would have done the same in any part of the globe. They could not live in the same village at peace. One carried a knife and the other a spear, and each was boasting of his fighting abilities. By this time Songolo had ceased to be an evangelist. He had fallen on evil days and was now trying to get Ilalio to come and live with him. One day the missionary met him and talked to him in strong terms.

"His words," said Songolo, "cut my stomach wide open. I will live no longer like this. I will

come to Lotumbe and show you that I have repented."

He came and was admitted again into the church. But the affair of Fakala remained as a burden to the whole community. Songolo was willing for an easy settlement, but Fakala said there was nothing to settle.

It was exceedingly difficult to get witnesses for the case. The affair had started so long ago and each witness would know only a little part of the affair. With much inquiry, which extended over many months, it was clear that Fakala ought to pay Songolo something. Songolo said the sum was sixty anklets, but whatever the white man said, he would accept. The white man's judgment was that the affair should be decided not on what might be owed or what might not be owed, for the affair was so tangled that a just amount could never be reached. He said, however, that Fakala should pay fifty francs, and that would settle the whole thing. He also said, "Songolo owes me twenty-five francs and I will donate that to the debt and that leaves only twenty-five francs for Fakala to pay!"

This decision caused Songolo to lose in money some five hundred francs, if his claims were established, but he said, "I am tired of the thing, and as a Christian I want to see it closed." Fakala, however, did not accept the settlement in that way. It was not a matter of money with him. He did not want Songolo to have the matter rendered in his favor. He refused to pay.

A verdict had been rendered in the matter. The missionaries, of course, cannot force a decision. It rests with the two parties to accept or reject.

In this case sooner or later the matter would go to the judge and who could tell how he would see the matter? Fakala went to another white man and tried to get another hearing, but he was told, "You probably owe many times what you are asked to pay. You have been carrying this burden around with you for years. Why not settle the matter now? Suppose your wife gets tired of the thing and does as Songolo once asked her to do? What about it then?"

"I get all my money back in that case," Fakala snorted!

"Will you? Her mother could not pay you a penny. She is a widow. Songolo would say he was getting his own and there was nothing to pay. You would be worse off than ever. Settle it now as you are asked and you can live in peace."

"I will never pay a jikota (smallest coin). They can send me to prison, they can take my wife, I will die first. Never will I give Songolo anything."

There were two men long, long ago who said they would do certain things. One said, "Father, I will go and work," and he did not, and another said, "Father, I will not go to work," and he afterwards repented and went to work. Fakala was like the latter one. He said, "I will not pay," and the very next day he paid the whole amount and the palaver was settled. There is still reason in the earth.

III.

WHO KILLED ONE OF THE TWINS?

THE birth of twins in Congo is considered a special and peculiar phenomenon. Perhaps many a white mother who has the raising of a pair of them is very much of the same opinion. In some parts of Africa the mother who bears twins is considered a criminal and is driven out of the village. In other parts one or both of the babies are killed. In this section, no such cruel methods are practised, but it is considered necessary when twins are born that all the near relatives shall go through certain formalities, lest dire calamity fall upon the children or the family.

The very day the children are born the mother is expected to parade the whole length of the village, naked. She and the family and the new-born babies then go to the edge of the swamp and the babies are washed in the swamp waters. Then the family returns home chanting songs and wearing the leaves of certain trees around their loins. Not every tree will do, but the one specially set apart for that occasion. The rites for the parents seem then to be complete for the present, but they have to go guarded all through life when dealing with those children.

A white mother of twins knows that when her babies are two years old she must get them things alike or they will cause her no end of trouble, but no white mother attaches as much importance to it as does a native mother. Here in Congo, when-

ever one of the twin children receives a present the other must receive one too, and the two presents must be alike in all details. If one child is treated differently from the other the neglected one will surely get mad and die. All twins receive the name of Bokecu and Mboyo. They are named this if they are both boys or both girls, or if they are a boy and a girl. If one child dies, they often pound the native drum night after night talking to or praying to the departed one.

Should the twins be girls the first anklet of the marriage dowry must not be one, but two, for both girls must receive one and, of course, they must be alike. Should the mother die while the children are small the two little orphans are made to sit on a bench with their arms tied together, and they remain that way until the mourners come back from burying their mother. The little ones are not allowed to see the face of their mother again. The fear is that if they do one or both of them will die, likewise.

Here is the palaver. Whooping cough was raging in every village. Africa knows no quarantine, so such diseases spread like wild-fire. Grown people, likewise, suffer in this epidemic. The missionaries' babies and the native children were all ill with the whooping cough. Just about that time a man suffering with tuberculosis had a hemorrhage and died suddenly. Natives therefore thought that the two diseases were one and were much alarmed. Every time a child coughed they expected to see it suddenly bleed. It required a lot of instruction to get them to know the two ailments were different. Many children had the usual after-effects of

whooping cough, such as pneumonia and weak heart, and died. In one family where there were twins one of the little ones sickened and died. The mother was heartbroken. She accused her husband of killing the child and the poor father came hot-footed to tell the white man the trouble.

He found the white man out in the village viewing a python eleven feet six inches long. There was a dispute as to who should own the dead snake. A girl, not over thirteen, had seen it asleep away off in the forest where she was hunting copal, and she had called her friends. These friends came and killed it with knives and spears. To whom did the snake belong, the folks who killed it or the one who saw it first? We divided it so that some of the folks were satisfied, if all were not. The father of the dead baby was not interested in dead snakes. He looked upon the reptile without a sign of amazement. We gathered his people together and the speeches were something like this:

The Husband: "White Man, I had three children. This one is the oldest (he put his hand on the child's head). There were also twins, but one of them died about two weeks ago. They all three had the cough at the same time. I took them to the hospital dispensary and two of them are better but one of the twins died. Two days ago my wife and I had a quarrel. It was not a very great affair, but she said that I had killed the baby. I never struck it or threw it down. I never gave it any medicine except what it got at the hospital. She says the trouble came because I carried the child to take white man's medicine. I thought the thing was all over two days ago, and now this morning

ut on the path before our house she began calling out that I had killed the child and she was going to get medicine to kill my old mother or the other twin. Now, what am I to do? There is my wife sitting there, ask her."

The little wife, very much dejected, was sitting nearby. The remaining twin was in her lap. She began:

"My husband and I do not get along well together. I went to see my people and my children were quite well, and he came and got me and as soon as they came here they got sick, all three of them. Why didn't he leave us where we were? After I came here I would go to the garden and he would come and pick up the children and carry them off to the white man's house of medicine. I never knew what he was doing. He knew that the twins had never had their tribal markings placed on their foreheads. Look at this one. It is without a mark until this day. He knew that it would never do to let a child drink white man's charms who was not protected in our own way. If he is not responsible for the baby's death, who is? And, again, he lets me go about nearly naked. He never buys me clothes or very little of them. It is quite certain he does not love me, or he would not kill my child and he would get me more things."

Husband: "Last month I bought her clothes which cost me the entire month's salary. She is my wife, that doesn't matter. The palaver is not about clothes, but about the dead child." (To his wife) "Why do you want to bring up here the question of clothes? Here are my friends. They all know what kind of man I am."

This palaver was like a good many others. It was a matter of sorrow. The mother was grieving over her child and she was liable to say and do things that were not very sensible. It was useless to scold. All that one could do was to teach them in love and urge them not to say another word about the matter.

The white man took up a little New Testament in Lunkundo and asked, "What is this book?"

"I don't know the book. I can't read," the little wife replied.

"But you are a Christian, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am a Christian."

"Well then, this little book tells Christians what to do and how to live. Did you ever hear anyone read from this book that a little child must have certain marks on its forehead and between its eyes, or it would die? Jesus took little children in his arms and blessed them, but he never told us that we had to put marks on their bodies, or they would be taken away from us. Why, look at your own husband. He doesn't have a mark on his face to this day, and he is a full-grown man. Why hasn't he any?"

Husband: "I couldn't stand the cutting. I got away from those who tried to do it."

"Now, listen," continued the white man, "whooping cough is pretty hard on children and the smaller and younger they are the worse they seem to have it. All three of mine had it and at night Mamma and I would get hardly any sleep. We would be there all the time caring for them and covering them up so they would not catch cold. They would kick their clothes off every time they coughed

Now, it is the disease that sometimes comes with this cough that kills the babies, and if they catch cold they often die. In your house perhaps you do not have covers for the children, at night, but you have a fire in the room and you are quite warm. Now, it may be that your fire went out some night and the little one caught cold. Or it may have been that the child sat in the wind and got cold. That, in addition to the whooping cough, might cause its death. Now, don't worry any more about it. You have done your best, as you had knowledge. It is quite certain the child did not die because it had no tribal markings on it. Those markings your grandfathers used so that they could tell the part of the country people came from. It is no use reading a whole lot of other things into that custom. God will take care of your little one. He can do that much better than we can. You must try to live so that you can see your little one some day. And now go home quietly. Let your husband go to his work and you be as glad as you can that you have two other children to care for. The palaver was cut (finished) and the people went home.

IV.

SOME WISDOM AND SOME FOLLY

AMONG a people so shut off from the rest of the world one would not expect to find proverbs and sayings of choice wisdom, yet the number of these in the Congo seems to be without end. I asked a boy who works in the office to give me half a dozen. In half an hour he had written out twenty-two. Sometimes in a palaver when no amount of argument can change the minds of contending parties one of these proverbs will end the affair. It is considered an unwritten law and final expression. Sometimes in preaching a native proverb makes a point strong and clear in a way that a white man's illustrations can not do. These proverbs are used in reply to greetings. It is a custom for natives to address a white man or another native by asking for some word of wisdom "Losako" it is called. Every man has several of these proverbs on the tip of his tongue and gives them to suit the person or the occasion. These proverbs are expressed in the most idiomatic Lunkundo possible, and they gain nothing by translation into English. But here are a few of them:

"A knife does not know its owner." That is, a knife will cut the one that owns it just the same as anyone else. This is used against a person who is unreliable, who goes against his people, or deserts a friend in need.

"The offspring of war is bad." The whole of

the world ought soon to be ready to believe this native saying.

"Will you return to the pool where your mother was killed by a snake?" Why will you adopt a course which caused the death of your mother? Won't the same circumstances ruin you also?

"A woman does not fight with a man." But this does not hinder a man from beating his wife. It means that men and women do not fight as man with man. This law has some restraining influence.

"One does not make friendship with a leopard." The leopard is a sneak. He comes at night and kills his prey, he never fights in the open. He is never the friend of man. In like manner, a man who shows himself as being underhand should be left alone. Don't make friends with him.

"You were lost in the forest, I called you and you found your way out, now you are angry because I called." He doesn't want to admit a mistake. People may laugh at him if he admits that he missed the path. I knew of a fight that occurred because some women laughed at a man who had to sleep in the forest. He died as a result of the wound.

"Crying does not finish a palaver." Get your witnesses and talk over the affair. Crying does not get you anywhere.

"A desire for your mother does not put you across the river." If you are homesick get a canoe and cross the river. Just a desire alone will not put you at your mother's fireside.

The above illustrates the unwritten literature of the native people. There are stories that imper-

sonate animals, trees and insects. Sometimes these are humorous, sometimes serious and sometimes ridiculous. There is usually a moral to all of them which the elders readily point out.

Here are two of these folk-lore tales.

The Dog and the Porcupine

The porcupine was sick. All his friends thought he was about to die. They sought in vain for someone who would come and heal him. They asked everybody who passed by if there was a doctor near. One day someone told them the dog was a good doctor and maybe he would come and help them.

Now, the dog was very independent and refused to go to the home of the porcupine and would not give them any medicine. There was nothing else to do but seek help elsewhere. They tried in every village for miles around but no one could help them. They returned to the home of the dog and offered him large sums if he would come and help the sick one. At last Dr. Dog consented and returned with them to the sick porcupine's house, although he did not come in a very gracious mood.

"Where are you sick, Porcupine?" he asked, without even the usual greeting.

"In the stomach," said the porcupine.

"Oh, very well," replied Dr. Dog, "it's dark now and I can't make medicine after nightfall. Tomorrow morning I will come to treat you." With that he left the house in a great hurry.

Before the sun could be seen over the tree tops Dr. Dog was at the door again. But he brought no

medicine with him. He came with a great noise. Entering the house he struck the poor sick porcupine a blow and killed him. Then were the rest of the porcupines very angry and sought to kill the dog, as he well deserved. But they were only little people, and he was exceedingly fierce. But they called, "When you get sick, who will come to heal you?"

The Leopard and the Antelope

The tiniest antelope of Africa is called the Mboloko. It seldom grows over eighteen inches tall and is dainty in appearance and habit. One of these little antelopes went to the leopard and said: "Friend Leopard, I am in trouble. My wife's people have come to get the rest of the dowry which I still owe on my wife. Lend me an anklet so they will leave me and not carry away my wife with them." The leopard agreed to this and dug up an anklet he had hidden in his garden and gave it to the antelope.

Some time after that the leopard paid a visit to the village of the Mboloko and said, "Now it is a long time since you got that anklet. Pay me for it."

"I can't today," replied the antelope. "I have been seeking to get one for a long time and I have not yet succeeded. Go home, Friend Leopard, and in a few days I will come and pay my debt." So with that the leopard returned home.

It soon became evident that this dainty little antelope could be very naughty and did not mean to repay his debt at all. One day he saw another leopard near his village and he called out, "Go

and tell your friend the old leopard that he will have to fight me before I will pay that debt." The message was delivered and it lost nothing in the telling. Then was the old leopard very angry, but he said, "Let him alone today. Tomorrow I will call all the animals of the forest and they shall hear all about that mean little antelope."

Next day there was a great gathering. All the animals were there, but Mr. Antelope thought it wise to stay away. The leopard made an angry speech.

"You see," said he, "how this antelope is tormenting me, and you always say that the leopard kills other animals without cause. I loaned that antelope an anklet and now he sends me a message that I have to fight him before he will pay me. Now, don't blame me if there is a fight." All the animals advised that the debt be paid, and if it was not paid it was a sign that the antelope wanted to fight.

The leopard then went to the antelope's village to find his debtor but he was not there, and he sought him all day long, but without success. The antelope heard that the leopard was seeking him and he published the tidings that he had fought with the leopard and that he was as strong as this night prowler. The leopard said nothing, but next day he caught him and bound him up and carried him home to his house.

"Now," said the leopard, "what have you to say for yourself? You were very smart with your messages and lies but had no fight in you."

"Friend Leopard," cried the antelope, "let me

your slave. Don't kill me. I will serve you all my days."

"Very well," said the leopard. "I will try you." and he untied him. "Hurry and get me some fire-wood." The antelope started off and soon as he was out of sight ran away as fast as he could. But the leopard heard about it, went into the forest and found him asleep, killed him and took him home and ate him.

Some Other Foolish Beliefs

A hunter having killed a wild pig always cuts off the tail with as much meat attached to it as possible, for if he did not he would never kill another wild pig without himself being wounded by the dying brute. He never lets anyone else eat these two pieces, for that would spoil the charm. A workman at Lotumbe went bathing in the river. He stayed a very long time in the water. He took a chill and was so sick that he could hardly get home, and was sick for weeks. What was wrong with him? While he was bathing a river animal came and bit him. Did he feel the animal's bite or see it? No, that was not necessary, but the man himself says that is what happened, so it must be so. What was really wrong? An attack of rheumatic fever, perhaps, brought on while bathing while the body was very hot, the undue exposure precipitating the attack.

A teacher asked that he be excused from returning to preach at a certain riverine town. He explained that people who lived on the river always had small families, and if he went there, now that he was the father of three fine children, they would

be sure to bewitch one of them so that death would follow.

I heard of a white man practicing a funny joke on the natives, but it was profitable for him, since he was a trader.

This gentleman went into a certain village and asked if they had copal to sell. There was but little.

"Well," he said, "I see that you are lazy here and I want you to gather copal for me. Now I am going to leave my eye here to watch you." With that he took out his glass eye and pretended to throw it away into the grass. (He threw a palm kernel which he had in his hand for the occasion.) The trick worked. When he returned there was plenty of copal for sale. The natives had, of course, never seen or heard of a glass eye.

A mother's milk failed. Her baby was in a most pitiable condition, nigh unto death, in fact. Heathenism makes no provision for such an unhappy circumstance. Once the mother's milk is gone there is nothing to take its place. What did they do? The father brought a goat, not a milk goat but an old billy, and had it killed, so the blood would cause the evil spirit to leave the mother's breast and there would be milk again. That failed however. Then he got the old grandmother to allow a witch doctor to rub medicine over her breasts so that there would be milk for the child from the grandmother, since the mother could no longer feed her baby. That failed. In the meantime the child was getting worse and worse. They came to the mission, and condensed milk soon made a healthy baby. It was a joy to see the little one

row. But in hundreds of villages there are no white people to give condensed milk, and the little ones die.

Heathenism teaches almost every child to abstain from one certain food. Perhaps a certain kind of fish, or meat or fruit. If the mother were as earnest in teaching valuable lessons as she is in implanting in the mind of the child that it must not touch its own *ekila* (forbidden thing) there would be a fine race of children soon. There are certain foods which the man refuses to the woman. The leopard flesh is forbidden to women. "Our women are fierce enough," the men say. The big python snake is not eaten by women. I don't think I ever heard of anything that the men refuse and the women eat.

A Drinking Bout

I know of three men who had a day drinking sugar cane wine. This wine is squeezed out of the cane by beating and wringing. Dirt and all goes into the final making. To give it a kick the bark of a certain tree is put into it. Without this bark few could get drunk. (I hope that thirsty ones won't try to get hold of this new drink). But by nightfall, the three men were too drunk to go home. One lay out in the open all night. Next day he was surprised that he was sick. Did he think that his sickness was caused by his night of drinking and sleeping under the stars with no covering? Not at all. He said that one of the men who poured the wine was the cause of it all, and when he should die he demanded that his corpse be carried to the house of this man until the guilty

one should cry out with fear. In two weeks he was dead.

The accused man had heard what was going on and he was not surprised to see the dead body coming into his house. He had a few words with the men who carried the body there and then left them the house until they got tired and carried the dead man back home again. He stoutly denied that he had anything to do with the death of the man.

After the man was buried the relatives still tried to find out who killed their friend and father. They sent two men to a village some miles away and there they asked a witch doctor to prove by his charms that the accused man was guilty. They, however, did not mention anyone's name. They sat around the fire and the witch doctor made his charms and in little while a voice was heard in the direction of the fire naming "Longonda." What greater proof could you want than that? Then the palaver came to me. I missed my dinner trying to settle a thing that could not be settled. Longondo denied that he had an animal in the forest which he sent to kill people. The accusers would not think for one moment that their relative had died from the drink and the night exposure. After some time Longondo privately, to keep the people from continually worrying him, paid thirty anklets. He denied to the last that he had anything to do with the supposed crime.

The next account which is also based on fact is the last of these superstitious tales, although one could fill a book with nothing else.

Ten young men banded themselves together with a pledge that they would give themselves over

to the pursuit of making and drinking native medicine or charms. There was always to be ten in the number, never more or less. They would dress themselves up in feathers and ngola, and with rattles and native music go from village to village creating great excitement. They would gather a crowd by singing and dancing, and then demand that the charms that almost every man possessed be brought to them. They then mixed the charms and drank the concoction, standing back to back. The first would drink and then pass the stuff over his shoulder to the next. The last man always finished the mixture.

I do not know that there was much pay in it for these youths. They seemed to be doing it just for show. In less than a year five of them were dead and the band broke up. It was said that one died because he took a woman, other than his wife, and still another, that he died because he put a charm up in his garden to keep it from raining there. He wanted the garden to dry so that he could burn off the old stubble. Of course heathenism found a reason for the death of all of them and the cause which they named would be something else than the natural one, which was that the body was worn out from drinking these foul mixtures which ruined both health and character.

V.

WHAT IS A BARBED ARROW WORTH?

THERE was a debate going on around the blacksmith's forge. The brickmakers were involved in it, but they had no folklore tales to back up their case. Brickmaking was a white man's trade. The blacksmith and his skill are interwoven in the fabric of Africa's life. Blacksmithing has background and traditions. The smith, himself, is usually a leader in his village. His equipment and method may be crude, but he is honored for his skill. In debate the brickmakers found that they were no match for one who had been trained to that thing from childhood. They shouted the louder since they saw no chance of buying barbed arrows at a reduced price, for that was the cause of the debate.

The missionaries find it useful to employ a native smith. He keeps the tools of the mission in good repair, and likewise he teaches some of the school boys his skill. With the impact of civilization native arts are fast dying out. It is a great economy to the native people to preserve these arts for several generations. The smith squats at his work and sits on his heels when he is tired. His fire of charcoal is on the ground before him. It is kept alive by bellows made from four bowls, covered with leaves. To each of these leaf-covered bowls a stick is tied, one to each bowl. Two boys blow the fire by raising and lowering these sticks

quick, easy motions, humming a tune as they work. The leaves that cover the bowls wear out very quickly, but they likewise grow very plentifully and since the native has no other material they are very serviceable. The hammer, too, is a strange affair. It is a long piece of iron flattened at the ends. It has no handle, but the smith grips the iron in the center and can strike some very heavy blows. The tongs and pokers are just palm fronds, split and tied to do the work of the tongs. Tomorrow they will tie some more.

But how much was the barbed arrow worth which the smith was forging out of a discarded mission tool? It had two large hooks. Its ends were made large enough to fit loosely onto the shaft, and a part of the scheme was that when the barbed arrow struck an animal it should remain embedded in the flesh and the shaft slip out. But there was yet another part in this hunter's weapon. When the arrow and shaft parted they were still connected by a strong cord, this caused the shaft to drag along the ground, and as the wounded animal tried to bound away the shaft would soon act as an anchor, for it would become entangled in the roots and branches of the forest undergrowth. This form of arrow required great skill to make, and the long African years has acquired great fame. The debate waxed hot and the iron grew cold. The onlookers stopped to listen to the dispute. Both the brickmakers and the smith were on the white man's time, so what did it matter how long they talked? Time is nothing to a native. He has no clock striking the hour. His timepiece is the sun in its daily course. It rose today, it will rise to-

morrow, and work that is left for tomorrow may be done then.

To show his position the smith scolded the boys for letting the fire grow dim, although he was as much to blame as they. The boys began to pump with vigor and the fire was soon throwing out its sparks again.

Silence reigned while the smith took the arrow out of the fire and began to fashion it with well directed blows. He himself continued the argument.

"The work of making a barbed arrow is one of great wisdom," he observed. "You learned to make bricks in a week, I have been at this trade since I was a boy."

"Yes, but you can make three or four arrows in one morning," replied the brickmakers. "You ought to sell them at two cents each."

"No," replied he, with sarcasm. "You make two hundred bricks a day, but that has nothing to do with the price of a barbed arrow. A brick is worth as much the day it is made as it ever will be. But an arrow may be worth fifty or perhaps thirty francs for what it will do. Listen to this story:

'One day a young man in my village bought a barbed arrow for five cents. Next day he went out into the forest, met a leopard and killed it, the barbed arrow doing its work in a perfect manner. The point remained in the animal, secured by its barbs, the shaft broke loose, dragged along the ground and in spite of the strength of the leopard anchored him to a bush. So the young man was able to kill him. With a great deal of pride this youth carried home the dead leopard. The whole village

gathered around the hero. They took the leopard and strung him on a pole and paraded him up and down the village, the women and children singing and dancing as they went. Then the chief took the leopard, skinned it and took the coat. The men then cooked and ate the flesh. That night they presented the hero with twenty anklets.' "

The smith stopped to let the tale have its effect. It was evident that not one of the brickmakers had a story to match that. No one asked what the hero did with the anklets, for they are for but one purpose, dowry to marry your best girl, and if you already have your best girl, why then to marry still another!

"Now," said the smith, "you say the arrow with the barbs ought to be sold for half a franc or perhaps for two cents, but you see it might be as I have already said, worth fifty francs or even thirty, for without that barbed arrow that young man would not have killed the leopard, received twenty anklets, married a wife," and looking around, "And how many children did he have?" Then to make sure everybody was listening, "Why, ten."

But here it was noticed that the brickmakers were going back to their work, for they, like the Irishmen, were speechless. It was evident that no more could be accomplished that day by bargaining.

VI.

TWO CHRISTIANS WHO UNDERSTOOD THE GREAT PALAVER

Ekoto Mboyoy

EKOTO MBOYO has just died, even while this book is in preparation. She was perhaps sixty-five years old. Who can tell ages in this land without books or dates? Time is reckoned by the high water season and the low water season and by moons. But these units never seem to be alike and the number of them is soon lost in the native mind. Ekoto Mboyoy was born not a very great distance from Lotumbe. She was captured when she was just a small girl and taken down river near Bolenge. There she grew up and married and her children were born. Her husband died in the rubber wars and her children died from one sickness and another. She never saw her home again until she returned to Lotumbe with the missionaries.

About the time that Ekoto Mboyoy was grieving over the loss of her children, the mission at Bolenge began preaching the gospel far and wide. She heard of it, but did not take much notice. One night she dreamed that she was in a fire and her dead husband was by her side. When she awoke she immediately said: "This is nothing else but a warning to me. Today I shall go, as soon as the drum sounds, to hear what those preachers are talking about."

She went, and what at first had seemed to be without life or interest now became real and warmed her old heart until it became a passion. She believed the words of the preachers, repented and was baptized in the black waters of the Congo. At that time there were not one hundred Christians in the mission, but at the time of her death more than twelve thousand people had been baptized and eighty-five hundred were still living. She lived to see the gospel preached in hundreds of villages.

A short time after her baptism she began to tell the Good News. She began in real Scriptural fashion, at her Jerusalem. People had come from her section of the country and were working near Bolenge. Among these friends she began to seek out those who would listen to her stories of the gospel. One of her first converts was Longomo. He was related to her and had the reputation of being a very bad man. His conversion was one of the wonders of those days at Bolenge. Then she began with women who were strangers to her, old women like herself. Her success was marvelous. Her converts were mostly women whom she took apart and talked with privately. If the old lady had decided that someone must hear the gospel it was hard for that person to get away from her. Sometimes she would find a woman sitting in her house at work. Ekoto Mboyoy would sit down in the tiny doorway so that no one could get in or out and begin to tell her tale. If the owner of the house protested that she was very busy and could stay no longer to talk Ekoto Mboyoy would reply, "That is all right, I have come to tell you something important," and continue her tale until

the woman had to listen in spite of herself. Many were won by her persistency.

In 1910 the missionaries at Lotumbe went to Bolenge to see the arrival of the new S. S. Oregon. While there, Ekoto Mboyoy called upon me and informed me that she was coming home with me. I had never met her before, although I had heard about her. The missionaries had told me that she was a fine worker and would be a great help to our new work at Lotumbe. We have had to thank Bolenge for many valuable workers, but perhaps none more useful or helpful to us than she.

Her work at Lotumbe was visiting the sick and taking care of the girls and women who had no homes. The mission built her a house and she had usually ten or a dozen women and young girls living with her. Some of these would eventually return to their families, others would marry Christian men. Girls who had run away from their polygamous husbands felt safe when they reached the home of Ekoto Mboyoy. Many a battle she has fought for these girls. Few were the men who were able to combat the old woman's arguments.

The tales of many of these girls are both pathetic and humorous. Perhaps the way they came to be with Ekoto Mboyoy would be something like this:

One morning, very early, before the village was awake, at the crowing of Peter's cock, (the natives have associated the crowing of the first cock of the morning with Peter's denial of our Lord), a girl would slip out of the village and start towards Lotumbe. For several days she had been planning this and had packed in leaves some food for the journey. She had no clothes except her tiny loin



Photo by Dr. Frymire.
AFTER THE WEDDING WILL COME THE FEAST. EKOTO MBOYO IS ON THE RIGHT.

cloth and she would shudder with cold so early in the morning, but she had to make haste and get clear of the village before her departure was discovered. Once in the forest her sharp ears could always tell if someone was coming, and in a second she could hide herself away. Probably before the sun had risen she had passed the first village, and if anyone inquired about her she could give evasive answers as to her journey. After a long day's journey she would slip at nightfall into some friend's house and get them to hide her for the night and before morning she would be off again. In this way it might be three or four days before her husband could get any exact knowledge as to where this extra wife had gone.

The girl knew full well that she had to start out in this way, because her husband would never have consented to her coming to the mission in any other way. She had heard the evangelist preaching and she wanted to accept the gospel, and the only way she could do this was to get clear of the village. Sometimes it would be a week before she reached Lotumbe.

The first we would hear of all this was when we looked down the path one day and saw Ekoto Mboyoy coming, her long dress touching the ground. The old lady had a great fancy for dresses and she would often put her newest one or a clean one over the top of the others. She would look in this way two or three times as big as she really was. In her wake came the runaway girl. We would pretend to be very much surprised to see this girl and begin to ask her regarding her motives for coming to Lotumbe. We would suggest that maybe she had

a sweetheart here and had really come to see him. But Ekoto Mboyo had already got the girl's story while she was giving her something to eat. When the girl could not answer because of her fear of the white man Ekoto Mboyo would help her out and keep the story straight.

In a little while we would establish in the mind of the girl this point: If she was really in earnest in wanting to become a Christian and would do her best to understand the teaching we were her friends. If, however, she was tired of her husband and had simply run away to get a new one, even if the one she had in mind was a Christian, we would have nothing to do with the matter and would send her back to her family as soon as we had a chance.

One such girl as that arrived and thought she would marry a Christian, but when she saw that he was a man who ate three times a day she took herself off again, saying that she did not intend to cook for any man three times a day. She preferred the native custom of one meal a day.

As a rule it takes several days for the husband to reach Lomumbe, but in due time he stands at our door. He is accompanied by two other wives and two or three young men. He announces with great warmth as if the speech has been pent up all along the weary forest miles, "My wife has run away. She is sitting with Ekoto Mboyo. I have come to take her away." Quietly we ask him his name and the name of his village and also the name of his runaway wife. If the facts tally we send for Ekoto Mboyo and the girl.

In a few minutes we see Ekoto Mboyo coming

own the path. She is not hard to see today. She is on a brilliant-colored dress of flashing colors. She leads the way, the girl hiding behind her. She comes with a swinging gait. Her movement shows that she is in a martial mood. Weotide the poor man when she is done with him. The battle begins. The man is asked if this is the young woman he is looking for.

"Yes, that's my wife," he replies. "I have come to take her home with me."

The girl is then told that she can go home with him if she so desires. She hardly looks like the same girl who came a few days ago. Then she was tired with her journey, now she is rested and well. She has no more clothing than when she started, but she has a clean body and is a nice looking girl. She begins:

White Man, truly, my people married me to this man when I was a little girl. He is old enough to be my grandfather and his first wife to be my grandmother. Some time ago I heard the preacher tell the Good News and at first I could not make much out of it. Afterwards I got to understand it better and then my husband was angry because I attended the services. He beat me. Behold the marks he left on my back because I went to the teaching services. He would never permit me to be baptized, so one morning before he was awake I got up and came to Ekoto Mboyoy's house. I want to become a Christian and that is why I am here. This speech has been made in a quiet tone. Just a meek little voice with no fight in it. The husband soon to come, however. I motion the husband

"Y'ou wad"

that he may now speak. He starts off in a roar, addressing the girl:

"Have you done? Is there another speech in your mouth? Can't you think of some more lies?" The girl has her eyes on the ground and does not answer. "White Man, that girl is a liar. She has always been so. She is my wife. I have brought her up almost from infancy. Instead of loving me and doing as I tell her she is always running away to all parts of the country. All she has told here is lies. I have never beat her. Those marks on her back came how? She fell down in the forest. She has run away to another man. She never went to church. She is a wicked girl. I have had to pay any amount of money to keep her at home. She has sweethearts all over the country. I'm going to take her home with me today."

The old man is done. He thinks he has made a fine speech. He turns around to find a place in the shade, when his ears are assailed with "YOU!" He stops in his steps and there is the old lady with black, sparkling eyes, now flashing with anger. He has heard of Ekoto Mboyo but this is the first time he ever had seen her. "YOU," she cries again. "And you would make that girl stay in your wickedness! You, an old man that hasn't long to live? This girl wants to be a Christian and who are you to try and stop her? You say she has come to another sweetheart here. Who is the man? What is his name? Answer me!" And the old woman's finger is shaking most menacingly at him.

He mildly replied, "I don't have any palaver with you." But the old lady is not done.

"You have now five wives at home. Who gave

them to you? When the Lord made Adam did he give him five wives?"

The much married husband has no answer.

There are more questions to try and establish the fact that there is or is not a sweetheart. The case breaks down and the husband now demands that if he can't take the girl back with him that he be given at once and without delay all the anklets that he has paid for the girl.

Now the white man speaks. "This girl has been living with you for years perhaps. She is much too young to be your wife. She has no love for you and you don't want a Christian living in your house. If, however, she wants to go home with you she is quite free to go. If she does not want to go then she can stay here. Now as to your receiving here and now the anklets you have paid as dowry for her, you know that is impossible. There is no one here who received your money in the first place. You don't suppose I am ignorant, do you, that it is neither the native custom nor the law of the state that you take money for this girl from another husband? You must go to her family who received your money. They will return it to you when they hear that the girl has left you for good. If the girl marries again I promise that she shall not do so until you have received from her family your dowry."

A promise made to a heathen like this is most religiously kept. Of course, in due time, the girl will marry and the family will likely have no anklets to pay the first husband until the second one arrives with his.

Ekoto Mboyo had a fine sense of humor. On one

of her preaching trips a man about her age asked why she did not marry again, and in barter of words offered to marry her himself.

"All right," she said, "I don't object to your marrying me. But there is something you have to do first. Send these five wives off. Then, repent of your wickedness, come to Lotumbe and be baptized and I'll be your wife. But I don't propose to share my husband with any other woman if I ever have another." But Ekoto Mboyó never had another wedding day.

One night Ekoto Mboyó came to say goodbye to the white Mamma who was going away early next morning. It was a very dark night, black as pitch. The old lady had no light, and as she went out the Missionary Mamma asked her if she was not afraid to go home in the dark, saying that she herself would be on such a dark night.

"Afraid," said the old lady. "Only children of darkness and children of the devil are afraid in the dark. The Lord can take care of me just as well in the dark as in the light."

She never did see that she had put her missionary friend into the class with the children of darkness. If she had noticed her break she would have protested that she never meant anything of the kind. She was very careful not to hurt any one's feelings.

Her simple faith and trust in the Lord was good to behold. Her prayers were answered because she did as the Scriptures taught, "When ye pray, believe."

One time during the first year of the Lotumbe work it was noticed that the number of Christians

having children was very small. These Christians had not been long out of heathenism. Some of them, of course, were from polygamous families, where the number of children is usually small. Ekoto Mboyo noticed the remark about the scarcity of the children but said nothing.

A couple of years later, the missionary one day remarked, "Look, how the children are increasing!"

"Children," said the old lady. "Children. Why, of course, there are plenty of children. Didn't Nyang'okuki (Mrs. Dye) teach us years ago to pray that the Christian women may have large families?"

She gave one-tenth of her money. I never knew her to be behind with her giving. The day before her death she told the people, "I have no debts. All that is in this house is mine. I owe nothing to anybody." Few natives can say that.

At her funeral all the village gathered. The women came in great numbers. I asked if there was anyone present whom she had not helped. "She helped us all," they said. She had prayed with many and had fed the sick. She had turned the feet of sinners into better paths. She was a constant guide to white and black alike. Truly the gospel had made of her a great soul.

Is'ekae

Venturous souls are always pressing out into the unknown. At the time when Is'ekae left his home and went some one hundred and fifty miles down river to work it was considered a most haz-

ardous thing to do. He did not have the consent of his family nor the consent of his wife's family. They could not see why he should not be content to live as they did, in rude homes and without clothes. Is'ekae wanted to be a little better off than his people were and to know a little more, and he therefore left his home and was gone seven years.

He found work at Coquilhatville and was there for some time, but he was often sick. In fact, he never had a strong body, and it was a great wonder that he determined to leave home. One day he heard of the fame of the Bolenge doctor and went there to seek relief. He saw that he must stay at Bolenge for some time, and if he was to live he must work at something. Mr. Eldred put him in the carpenter shop. He made a very good carpenter. At that time Is'ekae had no notion of being a Christian. He told me himself that he went to Bolenge to get well and when he had made a little money he intended returning to his own home. His home was not far from Lotumbe.

At Bolenge there was the constant ringing of the bell and pounding of the drum for services, for worship and school. They might sound all day, but they had no interest for Is'ekae. He went to his work and he went to the dispensary and back again to his house, never to church. He thought at that time that if he attended the church he would be bewitched and made a Christian by the power of the white man's charms, whether he wanted to or not. He therefore stayed away. But he could not get away from the fact that there were people who lived in Bolenge who were different from himself, and he had to hear the stories of

the gospel as they sat around the night fires. One Sunday he happened to be passing the church just as the singing began and on a sudden impulse he turned and went into the building, taking care, however, to get a seat close to the door, so that he could run should there be any effort to force him against his will. He found there was no need to be afraid, and presently he tried to join the hymn. Then the missionary stood up. It was Eldred. Is'ekae knew him, because he worked every day with him and he knew there was nothing to be afraid of. He therefore listened to the reading of the Scriptures and the preaching that followed. He was surprised to hear the gospel read in his own tongue and the explanations given were perfectly clear. "God loved people. He sent His Son into the world that all might be saved." It was very easy to understand and there was no fake magic about it at all.

He went home and announced to his wife, Bolumbu, that he had been to church and that they would go next Sunday. Bolumbu being a dutiful wife agreed to go. She had become a nominal Catholic, that is, she had accepted the little piece of cloth they gave each one and was wearing it around her neck. Their baby also was wearing one of these Catholic signs. But husband and wife went to church and they believed and were baptized. Then they took little Bekae, their child, to the white man and said:

"Behold, our child is still wearing this Catholic badge. What are we to do? We were told that it was made from Mary's dress and that it had power

over those who wear it and evil will come to those who remove it."

The missionary took the badge and burnt it up and Bekae didn't sicken or die, but grew into a fine woman.

The years went on and Is'ekae asked to go home to see his people.

"Where is your home?" demanded the missionaries.

"Oh, you go up this river and then up another river and then up still another river." The river referred to being the Congo, the Ruki and the Momboyo.

"But if you go so far away we shall never see you nor hear of you again. Can you stand the temptation of your village home?" they asked.

"I'll try," he said, and they had to let him go home.

The welcome that Is'ekae had when he got home was warm and enthusiastic. He was received with open arms. He had been away seven long years and come home rich. There was no need to bother people to carry his things. His relatives fell over one another in their eagerness to help their rich relative.

Is'ekae was surprised to find that he had so many aunts and uncles and nieces and nephews. They not only wanted to carry his things but they wanted to know what he had brought home. They were not anxious to go themselves to get the white man's things, but they were very eager to have these things divided among them. So Is'ekae opened his box and gave to each some soap and salt and to his nearer relatives knives and cloths and plates and brass rods. Whatever belongs

the family belongs to every member of the family when it comes to halving up. Is'ekae had to bend to the inevitable.

The next day he did not sit down so peacefully. His wife went to get firewood and did not return. Night was coming on and she had not been heard of. Is'ekae now began to make inquiries from house to house, and the last house in the village admitted that as Bolumbu was coming out of the forest some men suddenly took hold of her and carried her off. They were heard to say, "Is'ekae has had our child for his wife a great number of years and before he gets her back he has to pay a very large present." This was an anti-climax to his homecoming. He was much distressed, but his old mother who knew nothing of the new life Is'ekae was trying to live, said to him, "Son, why are you worrying about that woman? Your father has plenty of wives, take one of them." But Is'ekae replied: "Mother, we are both Christians. We have been married according to the manner of the church, and I will get my own wife back if it takes all I have." Next day he followed his wife and made peace with her family. He was happy with his wife, even if he was poorer in this world's goods.

In a few days Is'ekae saw that it would never do to try to live with his people in the same village. Already his father and his uncles began suggesting that now he had become a noted person among them he had better celebrate by taking another wife. He therefore left his village and came to live near Lotumbe on the river bank, where he could be in touch with steamers that might be pass-

ing, and where he and his family could have their daily worship and prayer.

It was a weary struggle. Heathenism pressed him on every side and was constantly inviting him and his wife to share in its evils and sins. One night just as the sun was setting they heard a sound which quickened their pulse. The pound, pound, pound of a canoe could be heard, and with it the tune of a Christian hymn. It must be someone for them, and when the canoe came around the bend, sure enough there were messengers from Bolenge. The mother church had sent one hundred and fifty miles to look after one lone family. One can imagine the joy of those lonely people. They rushed to the beach and the greetings were simply overwhelming. The missionaries had sent a few presents, a little soap and salt and a tiny dress for Bekae. But the best news of all, said Is'ekae, was that a preacher was coming to live with them.

When Lotumbe came to be a mission station it was found that this man had laid foundations for a fine beginning. He became the first elder of the church. He taught the missionaries their language and he guided them through the maze of acclimation among a new people with new ways and thoughts. His family had increased to six, but death took two, and he and his wife went deep into the valley of sorrow. The death of Is'ekae himself came far too soon for the work and the workers. He had been our mainstay. He was afraid of no one. He would hide no sin, and yet would be quick to forgive and forget if repentance was shown. Before his death he left his wife and children under the care of the mission. His own

family had tried to drag him down and he had kept them at bay by refusing to let them come near him. He left a will in which his wife and children were to get all he possessed, with a portion to the Lord. His family never forgave him for that act. They wanted to have the dividing of his things and the marrying of his three daughters to whom they would. But we now see the wisdom of many of the acts of this man. His influence is still with us.

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Book III

WHERE WE "SIT DOWN"

I.

THE EQUATOR STATION—BOLENGE

THE name, Bolenge, is engraved on the hearts of hundreds of thousands of people. The stories which came from this equator station, in those first days of our going, fanned the enthusiasm of countless numbers into white heat. Children who heard these stories then now tell them to their own little ones, like tales of long ago, yet real and true. Bolenge holds the love of a great multitude and that multitude is ever increasing. I venture to suggest that every station we own in China and India and Japan has been inspired by the deeds done and the faith shown at Bolenge. The flaming zeal with which the gospel began its work in the beginning may have cooled somewhat in the passing years, but this station which has been ours for twenty-five years is still very much alive, and there remains with them a wonderful amount of affection for the "things of God."

Bolenge is located some six miles below the important government and commercial centre of Coquilhatville. A good road now links the two, and automobiles may daily be seen going up and down this road. Formerly the river served as the highway to Coquilhatville, but each year sees new improvements of which Henry Stanley probably never dreamed. Coquilhatville, or in the local slang, "Coq," is connected by wireless and telegraph to the outside world. The post office is there and the

high official of the state lives there. All these advantages Bolenge enjoys for the use of the mission.

Those two men, Faris and Biddle, could not have been led to a better place than that which centers around the equator and Coquilhatville. Here we have within easy reach the rivers, Ruki, Bussira, Juapa, Lomela, Momboyo, Lokolo, Ubangi and Ngiri. These are the highways which lead to hundreds of villages in the hinterland.

Our early missionary ancestry in the Congo was English. The Livingstone Inland Mission was composed of English missionaries. The name of Mr. Banks, one of the early missionaries, is still of vital interest to the natives. They tell even yet of the gospel that "Bankisi" preached and of the many struggles that he had, on their behalf, with evil white men. Our next line of descent was American, for the American Baptist Missionary Society took over the work from the Livingstone Inland Mission.

These two missionary societies had had their difficulties, as well as successes. At one time a whole village came to burn their fetish and resolve to try the Christian life, but the work could not be followed up and when in 1899 the Disciples of Christ took over the mission they found themselves still in the time of seed sowing. They had to labor for many years, as their missionary ancestors had done, in sunshine and heat and sickness and health, before the harvest began to appear.

Bolenge was carved out of the forest and two houses were built. This represented a very great

deal of labor and gave our workers an opportunity to begin the study of language and to lay the foundations for the work of today.

Position is a very important item, even in missionary strategy. Located on the Congo, just below the mouth of the Ruki and near Coquilhatville, Bolenge gives us a most excellent position. Here we have all the service of the main river boats, which bring our cargo to the beach. The Oregon can take this cargo to our up-river stations. Our missionaries coming and going are landed at our base station. Postal and other communication is right at hand. These are really excellent things to have for the immediate use of the cause of the Kingdom.

The native peoples at Bolenge have become used to seeing cargo landed at the beach. Sometimes it is just cases, sometimes pieces of machinery, sometimes a bundle of wire, the use of which they learn afterwards, but I hardly think they were prepared for Dr. Barger when he landed his motorcycle and proceeded to ride up the hill under the power of the machine.

"Whoever saw anything like that," they cried, "will the white man's wisdom have no end?"

I suspect these natives felt something like their fathers did years ago when the country was being occupied by the white man for the first time. A crowd of natives came to see how the white stranger was going to sleep. They found him with a tent, or, as they called it, a "house of cloth." He had fires built some distance from the four corners of his tent. This was perhaps with the idea of driving mosquitos away. After awhile the

white man stepped out from the tent to see who his visitors were. He took from his pocket his pipe and began to light it by striking matches on his clothes. The natives faded away in the darkness. Their ideas of killing him while he slept were gone, too. They were used to men smoking, but what was the use of trying to have anything to do with a man who could bring fire out of his body and also slept surrounded by fire? Of matches they had never heard.

Let us go up the little bank and see Bolenge for ourselves. The first house is very near. Acacia trees stand before it and here we turn to look again on the river, thrilling at its magnificent sweep and boundless power. The thrill is likewise for the strength and courage it took to build such a place as Bolenge. This first house is built up on pillars, and are all sanely built houses in the tropics. Mr. Banks of the Livingstone Inland Mission, was the builder. The metal in the wall came from England long years ago, but the forest furnished its main timbers. Here the Dyes, the Laytons and the Hensey have lived.

What kind of a house does a missionary live in? This one is a rectangular bungalow of three rooms in a row, each room being fifteen feet square. There is a porch around the entire house and the corners of the porch at the back of the house are enclosed to make two more small rooms, one for a bath room and the other for study. The roof is of metal with a ceiling under it of wood, but there is an air space between the roof and the ceiling. Through this air space of about eighteen inches the air circulates and keeps the house pleasant and

ool. All these little points, such as building the house on pillars and providing air spaces, make life endurable and have come to be recognized as wise and scientifically correct. There is a cook house built a few feet behind the house, and here our welcome breakfast was prepared.

The entire house is not screened, but the bedroom is a mosquito-proof room, made so by having double doors. The first door opens into a little hall, and if mosquitos enter with you they can be caught before they get into the bedroom. These screened rooms have been a great comfort to those who have them, and will doubtless become common to the whole mission. The screening is at present made from netting, but after a while will be replaced with good wire screening.

We find four houses on this front path of the station. There is a second one, like the one we have left, except it has walls of wood. Both of these houses are well over thirty years old. Then there is one brick house and another frame house of different type. All of these now have the metal roof which has replaced the palm thatch of years ago. They have also air spaces between the roofing and the wood ceilings. We could never endure the metal by itself and it does not work very well to place it flat upon the wood ceiling. The air space acts as a cooling device. No other roofing has yet been found which will stand the tropical storm and the tropical sun like this corrugated iron roofing. Bolenge naturally has the largest staff of missionaries of all our stations. It is the base station and does a lot of preparatory work for the rest of

the missions. At Bolenge is the printing press, the saw-mill, and the steamer repair shop. Bolenge does not have enough houses to supply the workers. One family lives in the end of the printing building, still another family lives in what was once the native girls' house, still another in the house that was once a dispensary. Seldom, if ever, do you hear these people complain about their crowded conditions. When the storm begins to blow at midnight and the roof stands up on end and the bed has to be pushed into the dry corner if there is one, and the mosquitos take advantage of this and slip in under the net and drain the blood of the missionaries, it is no wonder, is it, that in the morning they feel like writing home that a new house ought to be forthcoming very soon, for they fear that the shack that they now live in will some day come down on their heads.

One couple seem particularly crowded and have lived for over two years out of the trunks which they brought their things first to Congo, because they have no place to put them, but they are delightfully happy. They even take visitors for a moment once in a while, and when asked if they would be glad when a new house could be built, the lady replied: "I don't know, I am quite happy here, I can always find my hubby in here, whereas, if I had a house with three large rooms I don't know whether I could keep track of him." Happy people who can be content with their lot. Such make the busy, enduring missionary.

It is needless to say that such houses do not make for the best work. All the arguments that can be used for housing workers at home has a dou-

ce in a tropical land, where the little comforts
 ke all the difference in the world between health
 sickness.

Behind the houses and on the main path leading
 the native village stands the church. Fine lawns
 each side of the path lead to the house of God.
 s a brick building and, of course, the most im-
 tant building on the station. It is used seven
 s a week. There are schools and prayer serv-
 s going on every day. Some widow women take
 elight in keeping the house clean. They find joy
 e the poet of old, in being doorkeepers in the
 se of the Lord. These faithful women pray
 t as they work they may have some one come
 see them who does not know the Word and
 y have the chance of telling forth His love.
 s this one building which distinguishes the
 sion station from scores of other kinds of posts
 stations in Congo. Here is set forth the rea-
 of the white man's coming.

o those who have never thought much about
 sions in action it may be a little surprise to
 w that a modern mission in central Africa must
 pt certain business principles and policies. Ev-
 year it receives through its missionary society
 ain sums. These sums come every month or
 n called for. The home society says what it
 give for special work such as buildings and also
 the regular work of the missionaries and the
 ve workers. The field treasurer of the mission
 draw drafts on the home society for these
 ounts. With these sums material is bought for
 dings and supplies for the work at the different
 ions. But a record, a perfect one if possible,

must be kept of all transactions. It is the Lord's money. Much of it has been given by people who have made willing sacrifices for the missionary cause and we on the field want always to have clear knowledge of just how the money is spent.

We, therefore, visit the office in the industrial building. Here we see two or three missionaries at work certain hours of the day on bookkeeping, pondering over catalogues, writing letters, and keeping posted on the import duty on this and that article and the price of freight over the little mountain railway, of all shipments on the main river and, last of all, our own steamboats to the station. This is the humdrum of missionary life. Not very inspiring. Just the ordinary work of a business concern at home or in any part of the world, but nevertheless absolutely essential to the well-being of the mission. In fact, the mission could not exist without such a department, and the missionary who does that work does so at a sacrifice and with the spirit of the "team," that the whole may prosper.

We will now visit the saw mill. But why a saw mill for a mission station? Because the labor of getting lumber from the old pit-saw method was too slow. In Congo building cannot be let out to contract. The missionaries must build the buildings they need. They can only do this with the help of the natives who know nothing about it and have to be taught. Lumber sawn by hand is often very poor stuff and there is much waiting even then to get the amount needed.

The mill saws good stuff, lumber that is true and ready for use, with very little additional labor. A

As we approach the mill we notice a raft of logs coming around the bend of the river, and the whole crew of the mill seeks to land these logs. Perhaps there are one hundred logs in the raft. If the little launch can get hold of them and push them in the back water at Bolenge bay they are safe, but if they keep too far out in the current of the river they will float by and may be landed a dozen miles below Bolenge where it is almost impossible to bring them up again against the stream.

Natives now bring in these rafts. It is a new industry for them. They cut the logs up somewhere or creek and place one hardwood tree, which will not float between two soft wood trees which will float, and then tie them all together with vines. Sometimes after the raft is ready they are a week or ten days getting it to the mill. They often float the raft at night and even eat and sleep on it until it comes around the bend at Bolenge and is bought by the mission.

Natives take to machinery very quickly. They are very hard on it, of course, as all amateurs are. I saw them roll up a great log, take off the bark, and when it was ready to cut the log was twenty-seven inches. This made some splendid lumber and the great thing about it was that the natives are now learning to do the work themselves, the direction of the white man being just the normal superintendency.

There goes the mid-day whistle. We are to have dinner all together today on the wide verandas of the printing shop. The missionaries in Congo have their breakfast at a quarter to six in the morn-

ing and work goes forward until noon. The early morning hours are the best of the day.

The dinner has been prepared in the kitchens of the different housewives. They have had a meeting and assumed responsibility for the various dishes. They serve dinner in this way in our honor so that all may see us. There is merry laughter as we gather, the light patter of children's feet as the seven or eight children come with a rush for their dinner. Some one is late and there is a wild clapping of hands and singing—"You are always behind like the old cow's tail." These children had hoped some would be late so that they would get to sing. The meal is served with native boys to wait upon the table. This they do without embarrassment. They are dressed in white aprons and white caps and give the scene an African touch. We are told that we are fortunate in being present while the gardens are in season. We find they have cabbage and potatoes and native squash, and a salad of lettuce with tomato and avocado (alligator) pear. And, of course, there is chicken. This is the only meat that a white man can get with regularity and that sometimes is so small and thin that one is ashamed to give it the name of chicken. The station has supplied, too, fruit for dessert. When dinner is over the children, and indeed everybody else, go for the noon siesta which is common and necessary for most white people in Congo.

One must say a word about the mother and her children in the economy of missions. Can she be of much service while her children are young? If one takes the modern view that missions is a

life, something to be lived, she is a part and parcel of the whole scheme. With her children she reaches the native mother's heart in a way that binds throughout life. The white children receive native names and will always be a part of the work. The white mother can help in the most vital relations of life and her influence grows as the years come and go, because of the help of her children.

We seem to have scarcely had our eyes closed before the tom tom tom of the drum tells us that the station is again active. The sun is brilliantly hot, but we visit the printing press and see the native boys printing hymn books, or the Ekim'ea Nsango, (The News Messenger), a quarterly paper which is eagerly read at every outpost in the whole mission. There is also printed here the Congo Mission News. This is in English and is a fine paper of source material telling of all the problems of mission life in Congo. The literature coming from the press helps to make our work permanent.

We take a long walk back to the hospital. It is built around a square so that all patients who wish to enter must come through one door and while inside can be treated in the various departments as needed. As this is afternoon the number of patients is not large, but the most important part of the work is now going on. Laboratory examinations are now being made for sleeping sickness and other tropical diseases which require much time and patience. The doctor is very busy and is at work every morning at 4:30 A. M., long before the day breaks. He sleeps early at night or he would never keep at his work.

The working detail is described elsewhere. We will now think about the size of the Bolenge station. We have here a piece of land about one hundred hectors. The plot was obtained for the sake of teaching natives how to do agriculture. Because of the nearness of Coquilhatville, where hundreds of natives are employed for traders and government, food is both scarce and dear. The mission wants to have a contented people and food must be forthcoming. A tractor had been requested for years and it was not forthcoming, so the missionaries of this station put their money together and bought a Fordson. Not only will this tractor till the land but it will haul things for building, bring in firewood from the forest and help to keep the grass cut and the path clean.

To get to know Bolenge would require weeks. The native Christians we have not seen and these we must imagine as we go through this book.

A new work is developing at the great center of Coquilhatville. We have already a church built there and a dwelling is now being erected. A missionary family will perhaps be located there this very year. It is a fine opportunity to do evangelistic and school work, and the mission is trying its best to accept this obligation at our door.

II.

THE FIRST EXPANSION—LONGA

IT took the mission ten years to get its first new station. There were only nine missionaries at that time and three of these were home on furlough. The church membership was less than five hundred. It must not be thought that this long delay was the result of lack of interest. The spirit of expansion has always been in the mission and the fact that Bolenge was willing and anxious to open Longa, even if it meant to cut their staff in two, shows that the spirit was most willing. But new stations are costly and it is only when new money becomes available at home that these adventures can be tried.

Remember the way Eldred and Jaggard opened Longa. The mission did not possess a steamer. One could not be chartered at that time, and if there had been one I doubt if there was money to pay for it. Did this stop these adventurers of faith? Not at all. The river was there and strong native arms were ready for the stroke of the paddle, so they packed all the supplies they could get into a steel boat and a number of canoes and started for the task.

Longa is some sixty or seventy miles from Bolenge, up the Ruki river. These two white men in their tiny flotilla were four days getting to the new station, or, in other words, three days longer than a steamer takes to make the trip. They took with them tools and other equipment to carve and chop

from the forest a place in which to live. Tools are heavy transport, and the open canoes lengthened the journey, but if they had waited until all the things they wanted were in their hands they would never have opened the station at all. Their very action in going forth into the untried and unknown with what they had and the promises of Him whom they served, called forth of itself both the men and the means to take the work onward.

Now, when a site is sought for a station in Congo it must never be within the limits of a native village. Such a thing is not permitted by the state and quite rightly so, as the native might lose very valuable villages sites. This is true of traders' stations also. A site is sought, however, as near as possible to a friendly village, or there would be friction later on. The state makes it its business to find out from the natives themselves that this friendly interest is shown, before they give permission to begin work. The new site will nearly always be on uncleared ground. Sometimes it may have a garden on it, but it more often abounds in trees great and small, seemingly without number.

Clearing a station is like clearing the way for the gospel into the native hearts. The soil may be good, but it is encumbered with useless and needless wild growths which seem to be the accumulation of the centuries. It is impossible to pierce them without a knife or axe. In making the clearing certain large trees are left, for beauty, or shade, or to help break up the wind storms, and the sunlight must be let in to purify the soil and the undergrowth must be burnt, as it is alive with millions of ants and myriads of creeping things.

In like manner native ideas have run wild. Centuries of isolation from the rest of the world have given them a peculiar twist. At first touch one sees so much evil that he may think there is no good among them at all. The superstitions and the sins hide the good soil of mankind which is to be found the world over. One feels that the gospel must be used as a sharp knife, that even as the underbrush is cut away from the site, so the knife must be applied to those customs and habits which are positively bad, while care is given to see that the fine things are left to grow. Great trees have their roots in the soil and are good for the land, and so are some native methods rooted back into the past. It would be dangerous to native society to root everything up and cut everything down.

Two great virtues must be retained at all cost—loyalty to family and friend. The native will stick to his family through thick and thin. He never asks if a relative is on the right or the wrong side of a palaver. He is with the family every time. This loyalty to family needs some cleansing, but the principle must be safeguarded and the church must be linked to this happy virtue.

Every white man, who is a man, has a half dozen natives who call him "their white man." They are willing to do anything for him. They will remain his servants and friends so long as life lasts. This spirit must be captured and the Christ must be their greatly exalted "white man."

Longa station was opened. The clearing began not only with the land but in the minds of the people. To do this two white men lived in open houses that had not even walls. They counted it life's priv-

ilege to give the best they had for the gospel's sake. In a few months Mrs. Jaggard gladly and eagerly went also to Longa and with smiles joined her husband. In such a gladsome spirit the work thrived.

The year that Eldred died (1913) the mission had four stations and fourteen missionaries. That same year there were fourteen baptisms at Longa, four hundred and twenty-four at Bolenge, one hundred and seventy-six at Monieka and three hundred and eighty-eight at Lotumbe. The membership was three thousand seven hundred and thirty-six. I mention this to show that the acceptance of the gospel between the year of 1908, the opening year of Longa, and 1913, had been most pleasing. Longa did not grow so fast as other stations, but it helped very much in spreading the general enthusiasm for the Word.

In 1918 Longa was discontinued as a residence station. A new policy of larger stations and farther apart was installed. The property is still retained and in the future may become valuable to the mission as a place of instruction to native evangelists and other usages. Longa is dear to us because of those who sleep in its soil and those who have spent hours of toil there.

III.

ON THE BANKS OF THE MOMBOYO—LOTUMBE

THE romance of Lotumbe still captivates and grips our hearts. It charms because its early history began with the word "impossible." It is a pity that such a word has to ever appear in the vocabulary of the missionary enterprise, for it frequently blocks great undertakings.

In May, 1910, there were fourteen missionaries on the field and four at home. An application for a site at Lotumbe was made to the Belgian state in August, 1909. In less than six months, to our great surprise, permission was given to occupy the site at Lotumbe, but the permission also said that the site had to be occupied by white people inside of six months. We had asked for a site on the Bussira for two years and it had not been granted. Now the question arose as to whether Lotumbe was given in place of the Bussira site or would we get our second site? We decided to risk it. We would take what we had a chance to get—believing that the second site would also be given if the obligations of the first were fulfilled. Our course proved to be right. Lotumbe had not been opened many months before the Monieka site on the Bussira was also granted.

One can imagine the embarrassment that was caused in the mission rooms at Cincinnati when it was discovered that they possessed a new station in the Congo field. Mail takes six months to come and go and it was not possible to wait for the re-

ply. The African appropriation for that year was not very large, and if two stations cost so much the third station was liable to cost a third more. Where were they to get new money on such short notice? This caused the famous cablegram, "Lotumbe impossible" to find us already on the banks of the Momboyo! It was sent because the home committee did not have cash to pay the bills and we on our part admit that opening a station in this way is not good missionary policy, but—well—who can argue the case?

Waiting fields, anxious hearts asking to be taught the Good News, missionary ready to go, only one link missing—co-operation from the home land and the alluring thought that if the home land knew the facts the money would come. It did come for Lotumbe. The Topeka convention hearing Mrs. Dye's passionate appeal soon advanced the dollars that caused that historic cable to be cancelled. Not every unsupported advance ends so happily, but Lotumbe had an affection in the hearts of thousands because "impossible" was driven out by co-operation and faith.

The Congo Balolo mission loaned us, free of charge, their wonderful steamer the S. S. Livingstone, to take the Smith's and Dr. Dye for the establishing of Lotumbe. This was on May 24, 1910. There was no appropriation for Lotumbe, but Longa and Bolenge most generously divided with us their tools and trade supplies, such as soap, salt, brass rods, cloth and everything else they possessed. We brought with us a flock of goats, but Billy, the boss of the flock, objected to the method of transfer and committed suicide by hang-

ing himself before we had been in Lotumbe an hour. Perhaps all our supplies, both mission and personal, amounted to three hundred dollars. To the natives this little looked like wealth untold. They stood with their hands over their mouths and their eyes sparkling, marveling that there were so many things in the world. A yard of cloth would clothe half a dozen folks in those days. They had nothing. Commerce had not begun to trade in the Momboyo and did not begin until the next year.

On part of the site of Lotumbe gardens had been made and allowed to grow up again. The Lotumbe people were fishermen and traded part of their fish with the village folks away from the river, for garden stuff. In a few days we were asked to meet under some tall palm trees to settle the price of the gardens which were our lot, and also the value of the lot to the natives. This, of course, was entirely separate from the contract with the state. The total asked was not over twenty-two dollars. The ceremony of having a palaver with the white men and the white women was almost as important as the money itself. Without this palaver the natives would never have considered that they had given us any rights.

All the village came. Old and young, men and women, but of, course, only the old men spoke. One old blind man was led into the gathering, a boy holding one end of a stick, he the other. They sought a piece of wood for him to sit on and began in whispers to tell him something we could not hear. Then in a little while the old man grasped his stick and stood up.

"Bondele," (white man), he called.

"O," (yes) Dr. Dye answered.

"Have you come?" and then not waiting for reply he continued: "Long, long ago we heard of the white man. I was only a boy. Now I am old. I can't see. First we heard that a white man had passed down the great river. (That was Stanley). We heard of the wonderful things he could do. Other white men began to arrive as the flood and the dry seasons came and went. Their fame made us marvel and be afraid. After some time they came up the Momboyo. They did not know our language. We left the rivers and hid our gardens and our huts away in the forest. Then the new disease came. Our people began to sleep at their work and in a short time to die. We were in great distress and lived in mental fear. One day Is'olumbu, a teacher, came to us. He told us new stories and gave a new hope. He told us of Nzakomba (God) and of white men who did not trade and did not rule. Now you have come to live in our villages. We have lived in darkness for many years, but light has come to us today. I can't see you, White Man. My old eyes are dead, but my children rejoice very greatly today."

The old man felt again for the stick of wood and sat down on it. There were murmurs of approval among the people. They thought the old man had said just the right thing. It may be said now that the light of which he spoke the old man was never to see, for he died shortly after. But that day as he stood under the palms, how typical he was and is of thousands of people who have been waiting for a message that came too late. His hair was



Photo by Dr. Frymire.

THE CONGREGATION LEAVING THE CHURCH AT LOTUMBE

white with the years and his skin was cracked with the heat of scores of summers. His eyes never saw the kindly smile of the missionary and his mind was warped with a thousand superstitions which made the gospel almost without meaning to him.

It did not take long to reach an agreement with these willing people. The price was paid that very hour and the palaver was well settled. In a month Dr. Dye returned to his work at Bolenge, and the struggle of the Smiths to understand the natives and the natives to understand the Smiths began. I marvel now that they endured us. We were only beginning to understand the language and the meaning of their mental life and their customs was quite unknown to us. They came with many palavers for us to settle. Today I could know in five minutes what it took then hours to find out. Our first questions were: "Is this about the church or the workmen?" and "will you agree to any decision I may give?" They usually agreed beforehand that they would abide by "my teaching." Some of those decisions must have been much awry, but I was learning native life and the natives came in touch with the mission even when they were not yet Christians. The Lord must have given these people generous hearts to have agreed to all the things we asked them to do.

The first Christmas at Lotumbe came. We thought we would like to have as big a service as possible. We planned to have our teachers tell what it all meant. We invited the chiefs and the people to come to the Christmas service at ten o'clock in the morning, but at the Christmas morn-

ing service there was not a visitor present. We had a nice service with our own people and returned to our mud house for Christmas dinner. Soon a crowd of natives dressed in their paint and feathers began to arrive for the Sunday of the white man's land, or Christmas. I don't know what they thought Christmas was like. I suppose they had got the idea it was a big day for play. They proposed that while we ate our dinner they should dance for us, but Is'olumbu soon prohibited that and brought out an illustrated book to show them what happened to John the Baptist when a dance was once held. The book, of course, was in English, Is'olumbu only understood the pictures. I do not suppose that the teacher thought anyone was going to lose his head that day, but he knew that a dance would have done no good. We had quite a job getting our sporty visitors to give up the dancing notion.

During the afternoon we had a service for our guests. There was plenty of singing, because the native people like that. The story of the Bethlehem babe was told and we concluded the service with prayer. Everything went well until the teacher asked the people to shut their eyes. We were seated under the palm trees in the market place, as the church was too small for the crowd. Old Elongembalaka who was present with a hat made of feathers, his body red with ngola, and a knife hung in a sheath, refused to shut his eyes or bow his head. He objected to an outsider giving him, a chief, an order, and also for a boy to tell an elder what to do. He was a chief and he did not care to shut his eyes while someone prayed

to Nzakomba, who was unseen. After much urging by those sitting near him he put his hand over his eyes and kept squinting between his fingers to see that nothing caught him unaware. There were two or three small girls near him and they began to giggle as they saw the old man peeping through his fingers. The giggling began to spread like a summer fire on a dry plain. Mrs. Smith looked up to stop the noise and was caught in its humor and only prevented a worse calamity by burying her face in her hands. Fortunately, too, the prayer was short, or the meeting in another minute would have been completely out of control. I was very thankful for the "ongonko" (amen) in which everybody present joined.

Elongembalaka began to scold everybody in sight for laughing at the white man's service. He wanted to know if they were ignorant things and if they could not stop rubbing shame all over the white man and the elders who had gathered there? He, of course, would never admit that he was the cause of the whole trouble.

The chiefs, led by Elongembalaka, followed us to our house, I supposed, to say goodbye. But instead they asked to be paid.

"Paid," I cried, "what for?"

"Wasn't this your service? Isn't it the white man's Christmas? Do you think we would walk in here for nothing?" they said.

It did not take us long to tell them that there would be no pay coming. I was willing to exchange presents with them according to their custom, but to expect to be paid for going to a church service was quite unknown in our missionary policy.

Elongembalaka came back a few days later with twenty eggs. These eggs were so black that not even the Congo sun could pierce them. He had gone through the village gathering up all the nest eggs. When told they were useless to us, he said, "I was told that was the kind white men liked best."

Many who gathered with us that day became Christians. Some are still with us but others have died in the faith and now see the King in his glory, and not through the glass darkly as they did at their first Christmas, here at Lotumbe.

Things did not always go off so peacefully in and around Lotumbe. One night about midnight the evangelist came hammering upon our bedroom shutter and calling: "Bondele, wake up, wake up, there is a big fight on in the village." As soon as we were really awake we could hear the din and wondered that we could have slept so soundly through it all. I hurriedly dressed and went out, and for safety asked my wife not to leave the bedroom.

It did not take long to learn that the fight was made on the native fishing village and not on the mission, but we could not leave our friends in the village to shift for themselves. I met one of the raiders in the hands of the villagers. He was bound with his hands behind him and had a very ugly gash in his head. Upon the cry that the white man was coming most of the night visitors fled, but some held on in a small house in which Bombito was sleeping. They were trying to tie him up and carry him off. Bombito was a big strong fellow and they did not seem to find the job an easy one.

The door was guarded and the only way to get into the house was to lift off the roof. This we did in a moment and caught two out of the three who were there. They gave up the fight at once.

Now began an all-night palaver. I found Mrs. Smith not in the house but out in the path, a crowd of native women around her. They appeared to be living up to the fame of women folk the world over. All were talking at once and it was too dark to see if any were listening. But the palaver began with lies and ended with the same. The heathen are pastmasters in that art and especially to an inexperienced white man who did not know just where they were leading him. They said they had been sent by the state to gather tax. I knew that was not true. They said that the Lotumbe people were their slaves and since they were getting a little too smart they had come to teach them a lesson or two.

Through it all they denied that they had done any wrong and claimed that they were the injured party. Next morning we sent them to the state officer, but before going they asked me to hit them over the head so that they would have a bump to show to the officer. They were quite disappointed when I refused their request.

The state officer ordered the people who had been carried off to be returned and the things that were stolen to be restored. One or two of the leaders of the affair were sent to the judge. Bombito attended the palaver but did not have much to say. One of his eyes was shut tight and he looked pretty tired. He had not been very cordial to us heretofore but soon after that he cut off

his long plaited hair and washed the red ngola from his body and began coming to church.

Fourteen uneventful years have gone since those thrilling days. We must return again in other pages to see some of the things that have happened in these years. Just now let us see Lotumbe of today. Perhaps it will be just as well to ask Mrs. Smith if she is of the same opinion today as in 1912. She had not seen any white women or white men for several months and one day when visitors came they asked her if she was not lonely living so long alone. "Oh, no," she said, "I didn't know I could be so content with just one white man around!"

Lotumbe has had three native buildings which have been used for churches. These buildings have become too small or have worn out in the Congo climate. Now a new brick building with iron roof is near completion. This building has many rooms, so that it can be used for both Sunday school and day school. It will be a very valuable help in the work.

It is not boasting to say that the Lotumbe hospital under Dr. Frymire is praised all over Congo, for this is a fact. Not only has some wonderful work been done in the hospital, but here also young men have been trained to go out by themselves to do needed work. By this method many people have been helped who could not come to the hospital and at the same time the hospital has been advertised so that many hundreds of people come to its doors. They come as far as three hundred miles. They come, bringing chickens, anklets, palm oil and goats to help pay for the treatment. But

the little pay they can bring does not begin to pay expenses. Medical service and medicine is applied Christianity—a work of love.

There are two dwellings with iron walls at Lotumbe and one brick house. There ought to be two other houses built at once for the convenience of those who are connected with the station.

A herd of black pigs and another one of white European breed are growing up. It is hoped to get these started among the natives as soon as possible. Three cows have also arrived. It is expected to use these for draft work and perhaps for milking, as the herd increases.

One must see Lotumbe to know it. There are over two hundred and fifty teachers and preachers in the many villages which are found around the station. Some of these men are as far away as two hundred and fifty miles, and we only see them once each six months. The membership is now just over six thousand, and last year's offerings were over twelve thousand francs. Twenty-five places support their own preachers and give some money which is used to help other villages.

IV.

THE BUSSIRA STATION—MONIEKA

EVANGELISM makes the church to grow, both in numbers and in spiritual well-being. Without this life-throbbing spirit mission stations and churches would have had a hard job to account for their existence. Every missionary in the Congo mission believes that the first principle of missions is evangelism. There may be other departments which cost more, because of the nature of their service, but getting Jesus into the heart and life of the people is the primary task of every missionary. Education, industrial work, medical work and work among women are the great auxiliaries which aid the main work.

History records that Bolenge, at the beginning of its growth, was swept with evangelistic fervor. People not only came to believe in "Yesu" but they went out to try and get others to believe in Him also. Longa was established because of the first work done by the native Christians. Lotumbe and Monieka, likewise, were served by Bolenge native preachers. Paul was a mighty evangelist and his spirit seemed to be manifested in his converts and in the churches he established. The same is true here in Congo. Our early workers, while able to do many things, tried to be great preachers of the Word, and this spirit was established in the native church from the beginning. If it ever dies out of the native heart the work will speedily die.

In 1908 the mission had no steamer. Passage

on other boats was not easy to obtain. Yet we find Hensey and Widdowson making the trip from Bologe to Monieka in a canoe. Oh, the weariness of such a journey. Gliding down stream with the current is endurable, for when the sun waxes hot and paddlers grow weary with the paddles the canoe still drifts slowly on, but to go up stream on such a long journey is most depressing to anticipate. The best time one can make is not over two miles an hour, and often not that much. On one such a trip the message was so well received that the village refused to be left without a preacher. Two of the crew were chosen to stay in the village and hold services and teach those who desired to know how to pray and to know more about "the things of God." Longa at that time was not yet opened, but these missionaries saw with true missionary statesmanship that here on the Bussira was an ideal site for a station. It was four years before the request was granted, but the first judgment proved to be a good one. Monieka is a fine site and well located to do its work among a very needy people.

During the four years of waiting the missionaries made what trips they could to Monieka. Evangelists were placed there and also at the nearby villages. Great numbers sought to understand the reason for the presence of these preachers. There was, of course, opposition. The Catholics tried to drive our people out and the witch doctors did the same, but without success. Once when the Catholic priest landed there and tried to hold some services, one of the enthusiasts took him by the beard and pretended he was going to cut off that

beard with a long knife he held in the other hand. The priest did not stay long on that occasion, but the evangelist was arrested and punished for the offense. The work and word became established in the hearts of the people and when Dr. and Mrs. Jaggard landed there to formally open the work in the fall of 1912 there were five hundred and six Christians on the roll. Many of these, however, had not grown in Christian character, as they needed white supervision.

We had now begun to learn how to open stations. Part of the permanent house for Monieka was begun at Bolenge and transported on the S. S. Oregon. This method could not have been dreamed of when Longa and Lotumbe were opened. Even then the preparation could not be completed immediately, and Dr. and Mrs. Jaggard had to live several months in a native built house. I suspect the months seemed very long to Mrs. Jaggard before she was able to have a board floor under her feet. Dr. Jaggard, while not a builder, constructed his own house at Monieka, as he had done during his first term at Longa. Africa is a field in which a man can develop all the traits he has. It is too often true that a man's real life preparation gets buried under these side issues, and sometimes, sad to relate, to the detriment of the work and the worker.

Monieka, we have said, is on the Bussira river. From the mouth of the river where it enters the Ruki to the mission station, it takes the Oregon a full twenty hours' steaming, sometimes more. A few miles below the station is the headquarter of a large Belgian trading company. The man,

agents have been relieved, in time of sickness, at our station, and by the visits of our doctors. The company on its part has carried our workers on its steamers on many long journeys. In fact, the captains have been told never to refuse a request of our workers for passage. This mutual helpfulness has been appreciated by all.

Dr. Jaggard has the confidence of the natives and they flock to him with their ailments. He has been particularly successful with operative cases and usually has a long waiting list. New and larger buildings are needed for his work. The treatment with 606 will be better understood if the extracts of the following report is examined. It appeared in the Medical Exchange and told of a thousand cases treated. It is by Dr. Jaggard:

"Number of injections.....	234
Number of persons found.....	228
Number "cured".....	219
With the same or later manifestations....	9

The word "cured" as used here is in the limited sense, meaning that the manifestations of yaws for which they were injected had disappeared and none other has appeared. In some cases this has continued for nearly three years and in others only for a few months, so allowances need to be made.

In one district there is the order called "Ekofo." One of their vows is never to take a bath. Their houses and beds are filthy in the extreme. Palm oil and camwood make a good culture media for all filth and their babies have yaws in their early infancy. I found a child less than two years old who had finished the eruption and had a large ulcer

following. This condition of filth must be a large factor in spreading the disease among the infants and accounts for its non-appearance among the youths and grown-ups, except in some later forms.

One woman presented herself with symptoms mostly in the eyes. There was extreme photophobia. It was with much force and difficulty that I separated the eyelids. The conjunctiva was like a mass of raw, red flesh and swollen. The pupils were bloodshot and lachrymation so profuse that almost a continual stream was running down each cheek. There was much pain in the eyes. After one injection of neosalvarsan (0.60 gms.) the symptoms all began to subside and in two days she could open her eyes and after five days went to her home. By the time she reached home she was without pain in her eyes and had no difficulty in seeing. She had one small yaw on her right arm and another on her right side. These were so minor in importance to her that she did not mention them in her complaint at all.

A woman came with deep ulcers all over her thighs, legs, feet, arms and hands. She was so crippled that her only way of getting around was by placing a piece of wood under her legs and then by aid of arms and hands lifting her body on to it. With another piece of wood the process was repeated, and so on. Within three months after one injection all these ulcers were healed, but the deformity resulting from the ulcerations and the cramped posture could not be overcome.

A child was brought to the dispensary for treatment with the pustular papules mentioned. Having seen two cases of smallpox within the month

previous, I mistook this for smallpox and ordered a quarantine. About four days later a woman came with much the same kind of eruption but with a few typical yaws. I released the child from quarantine and gave it an injection of neosalvarsan and it promptly got better. These papules on the child were not typical smallpox but they showed some umbilication and pus. He did not have any granulomatous eruptions so characteristic of yaws.

In cases of these ulcers and bone lesions one must always consider also syphilis, but in this section there is as yet very little syphilis. The main difficulty in diagnosing is in cases of leprosy, in which, sometimes the resemblance is very close. There is, however, a characteristic odor of these ulcers and yaws eruptions which, once detected, can not be forgotten."

Recently Monieka has been enjoying renewed interest in the "things of God." Perhaps this awakening had its beginning in the early morning (5:30 A. M.) prayer meeting which is held daily. The offerings to the work from the native Christians has greatly increased and the number of those who are seeking to leave heathenism and to know the Christ is most gratifying. Nearly every Sunday in those Bussira waters some one goes down to be buried in the name of "Yesu." This atmosphere has made every one happy and the station and Christian village is vocal with the songs of the believers. Their enthusiasm is spreading to the villages in the back country.

The annual conference was entertained at Monieka during 1923, and in spite of the fact that they, like the other stations, lack enough dwellings for

their workers, they managed to make every one happy. In a gathering of that kind where almost all the workers are present one is sure to hear of some of the little worries of life. Perhaps no other is more present than the worry of keys. Where are my keys?

Now in Congo it is the habit of all white people to keep as many things as possible locked up. This is for the protection of the boys who work in the house, that they may not be tempted and that others may not slip in and steal and then blame the house boys. Of course, the white Mamma carries the keys. That is she means to do so. But a way to keep those keys attached to herself has not yet been found. Ladies' pockets, as every man knows, are for show and not for use. If she, therefore, puts her keys in her pocket they fall out and if she ties them around her neck the heat of the day makes them a moist burden. So in whatsoever house you enter, between sunrise and sunset, you will hear this little cry of distress.

"Charles, have you seen my keys?"

"Emory, are my keys in your pocket?"

"Clay, did you take my keys?"

"Herb, loan me your keys."

"Ernie, dear, won't you come and open this door for me?"

Where our single ladies put the responsibility I am not permitted to say, but the wise husband, if he wants peace of mind and his dinner, soon as he hears that S. O. S. signal will start a boy searching the whole house and he himself join in the hunt. Perhaps after five minutes, perhaps after fifty, the keys will be found lying in full view on

the dining room table where they have been all the time. Perhaps the baby took them to bed with him as he went to his morning nap and they slipped out of his chubby fingers and hid themselves behind the bed. Or, the dog may have had them tied around his neck, by one of the older children. Or, the house boy was told to clean the house and put things away. He did it. Every thing in sight was put out of sight, keys and all, and he has to carefully bring everything into full view before the keys are "seen."

All in a day's work. If keys are lost at conference the more the merrier, for there are more people to join the game of hide and seek.

Education has had a special place in the plans of Monieka. Here they have worked out a series of charts and supplementary work which is a help to the whole field. These charts are adapted to teaching old and young how to read, who, with the blackboard and slate, may learn in a very short time.

Monieka is well located as to the whole of the field and good paths enable the missionary to visit some parts on a bicycle, and thus the word is preached and the native school teacher is encouraged.

The Congo mission has an agriculturist and he is located at Monieka. From the beginning his work has been a success. He has started some natives on the right way to do farming. Native men do not take very well to farming on a large scale, for they expect to live off the efforts of their wives. They have been encouraged to plant and to bring specimens of their crops for general inspection and

in this way a new idea is awakening. This line of work may, in a few years, lead many natives not only to plant more but to produce better things and therefore obtain more money for their labor.

V.

THE STATION ON THE HIGH JUAPA —MONDOMBE

IT seems popular with certain writers to apologize for taking the gospel to the nations of the earth. The gospel, they say, is foreign to the established customs and modes of life among the people. Of course it is foreign. It was foreign to the Gauls and Teutons and the English. It caused many adjustments among those people. In some cases the common people had to receive it because the king said so. The gospel today, throughout the wide world, is believed or disbelieved on presentation. People do not believe it because it is foreign or indigenous, but because of the universal appeal it makes to human hearts and life. The Congo missionary makes no apology for being a gospel messenger. He is here by invitation and the good will of the people.

And this is true also of the native preacher. Unless he can obtain from the chief of the village and the people in the village their permission to "sit down" there he can not possibly remain as a preacher. They can refuse to let him live in one of the houses of the village. They can refuse to sell him food, or allow him to draw water at the spring, or gather firewood from the forest. In fact, they can make his life so unbearable that he must leave, or die there. The mission, likewise, cannot establish a mission station anywhere without the consent of the people of a nearby village. The people

must actually invite us to come or the government will not permit us to establish the station.

During 1917 the S. S. Oregon was used for visiting new fields in the Upper Juapa. Several sites were considered, but the one that seemed best suited to our needs was Mondombe. The ground was high and seemed fertile. There were good paths leading to all sections of the country. The population was dense for Congo. There remained one thing to be procured—the consent of the people of the village. A palaver was therefore held when the chief and elders and all villagers who wanted to come were asked to allow us the site we needed. But they refused that permission. All the arguments or presents had no effect on them. The missionaries left the village and returned to the steamer greatly disappointed.

After they had gone and the people were alone, this is what happened. One man got up in the native assembly and spoke thus:

“Do you know what you have done? You have driven away the men of God. They came to us with something new, they offered to buy all they took, our houses, our gardens, our lands, everything would be paid for. Your actions will bring upon this village lasting shame and we shall be visited by disease and death because you have turned away God’s people. Call them back before the whistle of the steamer blows and they steam away to some other people who have wisdom.”

This appeal had a magic effect. The speaker was without rank among his people. But his reference to the unknown and the possibility of calamities visiting the village moved their hearts

strangely. They dispatched messengers to call our white men back and in an hour the invitation was given: "Come and be our white men and teach us all these wonderful things about Nzakomba."

"For God chose the weak things of the world that he might put to shame the things that are strong; and the base things of the world and the things that are despised did God choose, yea and the things that are not, that he might bring to naught the things that are."

Under these circumstances the government was asked to give us the site and in a short time this was granted. The society, likewise, was asked to find men and money for this new enterprise. 1920 arrived and no answer to this appeal had come. The Congo mission had to take another serious look at itself and the whitened harvest field.

The annual conference of the mission was held that year at Lotumbe. It was one of the great conferences of the years. Missionaries, being human, have their high places and their low ones. Sometimes we come together and just talk and some years we come into one of these conference gatherings and DO. We see not only the smoke of a thousand villages but, still better, little groups of praying Christians in a thousand villages. We hear the hum of the village school and we listen to the word of life as it is read into the ears of the native people. Such was the conference at Lotumbe in 1920. We actually, as a grain of mustard seed, had faith that Mondombe was possible that year and it was.

The missionaries themselves had a missionary meeting. Perhaps that may sound unusual, but one

night was spent in which we reviewed the villages which sat in darkness. Those who had seen Mondombe tried to answer these questions, "Mondombe when?" "Mondombe how?" It was both a meeting of information to members of the mission and also inspiration. It soon became evident that if Mondombe was opened some other plans of the mission would have to rest in abeyance, but with clear vision the mission chose the right thing—Mondombe to be opened that very year.

To make this missionary meeting still more unique maps of all the field were displayed and the opportunities to make known the glorious news of our Christ, which were ours at Wema and in the Ubangi and on the Sanga river in French Congo, were discussed. The burden of the prayers was that the home constituents would not hold the work back through lack of knowledge or faith.

Mondombe became a new name on thousands of lips in the homeland. There was money forthcoming for the enterprise and Mr. and Mrs. Moon and Miss Wells arrived at the new station in May, 1920.

We all know that Mr. Moon is a builder. He, with Bob Wilson, reconstructed the S. S. Oregon at Stanley Pool. He built the Bolenge church and also a dwelling at Bolenge. He stayed a few months at Lotumbe, getting out timbers for a house at Mondombe, and these the Oregon transported, when the time came for opening the station.

The station itself lies on a slight ridge. A narrow strip of land had to be secured, since on each side the swamp lands appeared, but down the center of the station a wide path has been made with

palm trees planted on each side. This path is one kilometer long and gives the station a splendid airy appearance. Surrounded as we are with forests this long straight path gives the eyes a restful stretch of vision.

How fine it is to be able to do things, to do them quickly and do them well. A two-story building went up like magic. This was really a temporary house, but has been arranged so it will serve the mission for years. It still shelters the missionaries, although one family lives in a mud house.

Next came a church building. "Why, yes, of course, that is first," said one of the station members. The first hospital unit was built and now two real dwellings right on the way to completion. All this, please, inside of three years in Central Africa.

Many of the people in this section are known as the Bataka, that is "the naked." They are that, but the idea is also that they lack so many other things of life. They make exceedingly small gardens, and the way they try to catch fish is crude indeed. The diet they have is a very scanty one. One evening on the way to Mondombe we landed at a village. The beach was black with people, but the women actually wore no clothes and were not the least ashamed, nor did they consider themselves immodest, since that was their custom. One of our own mission Mammas walked down the gangplank. She is not a lightweight, and when these black sisters saw her they clapped their hands over their mouths and shouted, "O mei kilo!" (O, my, what a weight!) After that there was no need for introduction—they got on excellently.

There were children with us. These excited their

wonder beyond measure. They beat on their bare breasts and cried, "White babies, white babies." Then they sought to locate the white fathers and the white mothers and since there were more women than men on board they wanted to know who had two wives. They could hardly believe there could be grown women still unmarried. One of the little ones saw a gleam of the river and dodged between the crowd for the water. The father hastened to it and the child was pushed over, quite by accident, but before he could be picked up the whole crowd of natives had disappeared. They were afraid the child was hurt and they would be scolded. They returned, however, very soon afterwards for the evening meeting.

These people love to play and will often begin a dance at six in the morning, dance all through the hours of the sunshine and when night comes and the weather is cool, go at it with renewed vigor. They will keep the drums roaring, great bass drums and little tenor ones, all night long, until the sun appears over the tree tops in the morning. They may lack a whole lot of this world's goods but fun seems to have a major place with them.

The doctor has not yet found that the people crowd him very much for medicine. This is the usual thing in a new place. They will get over it soon and in a short time will flood the new hospital unit with crowds of sick people.

The glory of Mondombe is the enthusiasm with which it is making the mission felt in all the surrounding villages. The first evangelists were from our other stations, but most of these have now returned home and the work is carried forward with

home-trained men. These evangelists now number seventy and recently they brought one hundred and fifty people who were anxious to become followers of Jesus. Mondombe has a wonderful future.

VI.

THE STATIONS YET TO BE

THIS book would be unworthy of its purpose if it did not look to the evangelization of the whole field. We boast that the Lord has done some marvelous work in our midst, but we must admit at the same time that much—so very much—yet remains to be done. The words of Jesus with their life-giving power have not yet been sounded in the ears of hundreds of thousands of people in our field. It is the solemn duty of those of us who are on the field to send out repeated calls of the work yet to be done, until the Christians at home break away from absorbing pleasures and begin to take up their cross daily.

On the Juapa river, between Monieka and Mondombe, Wema is found. We have been asking for seven years that this station might be opened. We already have the site. All the conditions with the native peoples and with the government have been met long ago. Native evangelists are, as usual, the first on the ground. The problem is, when will missionaries and funds be given for this new opportunity? Every worker in field and garden knows that cultivation at the right moment usually means an abundant crop. Our evangelists have been sowing the seed for a number of years and now is the time to begin more extensive work. But how long shall Wema wait? The evangelists, of course, are men from our other stations. Hear the burden of

the message that Isekya sent home to his Lotumbe friends:

"You who have the desire to preach, come to Wema. Here are very many people who do not know Yesu. Come and preach His word."

An initial gift of ten thousand dollars would start the work off. It is a work that is ready to start. The workers, doubtless, can be found as soon as enough money is in sight for the maintenance of them. Really this work cannot wait any longer and still expect the government and the natives to remain in their first enthusiasm.

The Ubangi likewise waits. It is a most attractive and difficult field. The population lives far apart. The country is hilly, and grassy plains take the place of the usual equatorial forest. The River Ubangi is swift and full of rocks. Its upper stretches have rapids which cannot be navigated by steamers. This country is the home of the elephant and the wild buffalo. We surveyed all this land in 1915. We have said for two whole decades that we expect to be the people who will establish the cause of Christ there. We have native preachers over a portion of the field, but the resident missionary is a thing yet to be. This field is the open door for the Mohammedan into Congo Belge. Do not imagine this just propaganda talk for our mission. These trading Moslems are already coming from the Lake Chad region. They are trading at Coquilhatville. They have been seen praying on the beach of Bolenge. One has made the long trip to Monkoto on a trading steamer and stopped off at Lotumbe. The things with which they trade are worth so little that one wonders how they support

themselves. They sell amulets and small trinkets and bird feathers. They tell at the same time that there is hidden virtue in the articles they sell, healing power in sickness and prevention of the power of witchcraft. A station on the Ubangi would be a great help in stopping the spread of the Islam faith.

Doubtless other stations will be needed in the near future on the high waters of the Momboyo and the Juapa. Ours is a growing work and is not accomplished, but is only in its initial stages. Who will cry aloud in Zion that we have the gospel and will not share? That we know the way of Jesus and will not tell it forth? When and how shall this, our negligence, be removed?

Book IV

WHITE AND BLACK EXTOL THE CHRIST

BEFORE THE SUN HAD RISEN

I HAD turned over on my camp bed. The night had been spent in the open room of the little house of the evangelists. I believe I had slept eight hours without waking, for the previous day had been long and hard. My last conscious thought at night had been punctured by the pound, pound pound of the evangelist's wife as she beat the plantains for the night meal. I was asleep long before the natives had finished their supper. I was homeward bound, so I could not think of sleeping late. In turning over I remembered that I must be up before the sun shown in the tree tops.

As I looked out through my mosquito net I felt for my watch. It was not light, but by the aid of a match I found it was 5:15 A. M. I peered out into the night to see if the darkness was fading and in the gloaming I saw a figure coming down the village path. He was wearing a white shirt so I could see the better. The tail of the shirt was flapping from side to side as he hurried towards me. I wondered why one of my men should be out so early, for it was one of the medical boys. He turned off sharply and went to the drum where he began to pound out the native call for morning prayer.

In a minute or two, before I could get awake, there was the patter, patter, of naked feet at the side of the house and the hymn of praise began.

Such meetings as these are quite at the initiative of the Christians themselves. I had not said, "Now, in the morning let there be a prayer meeting." In

fact, I had not mentioned the matter. Often these meetings are held in a different part of the village from which the white man is sleeping. Often he is wakened by singing which comes floating in through the morning air, and he thinks that the meeting must be another night service. On this particular morning I determined to be present.

I hurriedly dressed and stepped outside. It was not yet light. The morning fog hung in the trees. Under the palms were some thirty people. Some on low stools, some in rudely made chairs, some on pieces of firewood. All were bowed in prayer. I took my own chair and sat on the edge of the gathering. No one noticed me. As one finished praying another stood up and prayed. This went on for some fifteen minutes. Then the man in the white shirt, sans trousers, gave out a hymn and the meeting dispersed. Not until then did anyone ask me "Oecwa?" (Are you awake?)

It may be that the African native did not know much about prayer until the gospel came. He is learning now. His prayer is very simple. On this particular morning he prayed that on the journey he might be kept from danger, that no wild animal might attack him, that no unseen danger in the water might injure the canoe, that he might be kept from temptation, and that the white man might have strength for the day.

Once I asked a native preacher, "Do you have a custom in your village of having prayer in the morning?"

"White Man, what a question," he replied, "how could we keep the people together without our prayer meetings?"



Photos by C. R. Atherton.
SUNDAY AFTERNOON SERVICE IN A HEATHEN VILLAGE
WRESTLING MATCH

Yes, the Congo Christian is far from perfect. Quite agreed, and no one knows it better than the missionary. This generation of Christians is too near the old life to advance very far. They make many mistakes. But who shall say that if they pray as they did that early morning they have not found the road which will lead to a better land?

I.

WHAT A MODERN COLONY EXPECTS OF A MISSIONARY

THE mandatory idea of colonies under the League of Nations is now the prevailing one among the nations of the world. A colony is held not for plunder nor exploitation of the people but for the mutual helpfulness of the native peoples, and the rest of the world. It necessarily follows that the government shall expect certain things of all the people who go to live in those colonies. They demand of all comers a health certificate and a special test showing that the applicant is not suffering with tuberculosis, and also a good character certificate from the mayor or the chief of police from the town in which you have last lived.

For missionaries, in addition, they expect certain other things. Missionaries in the past have set such a high example of character and ability that the colonial governments look to them for great helpfulness in guiding the natives. Who, in all the realm of African life, comes into such vital contact with the natives as the missionary? He acts as preacher, teacher, doctor, judge in minor affairs and general helper in all phases of life. Therefore, a man is required with not only a healthy body, but one with plenty of general knowledge, and a whole lot of consecrated common sense. A student, a thinker and leader and a man who lives and loves his gospel.

If there was ever a day when it was possible to

take almost any one from his home sphere and send him across the sea as a foreign missionary that day is gone. Africa ought not to be the place to try out cranky ideas. One woman came to fight the ravages of malaria with a machine to pump oxygen into her ankle when she felt she was going to have fever. Alas, poor girl, she was dead within a year. Some have come, relying upon God for good health and refuse to take quinine as a medicine and yet will take it with their breakfast, as a food. Many of these missionaries of faith have done wonderful things but modern governments do not want whole districts told that modern medicine is not necessary, especially when those governments are trying to wipe out sleeping sickness and yaws and malaria. They demand and have the right to expect complete co-operation in anything which helps an indigenous people. Happily our missionaries have found it possible to give this help.

The natives and the governments like to see well organized missions. The natives need to see co-operation between Christian men and women and the government knows that a well organized mission usually spends much time and thought and prayer in choosing the right people for the mission work. It is a sad thought today in certain realms that second-rate and even third-rate men will do for Africa. The very nature of the place demands that all the wisdom of the white man shall be placed at the disposal of the great continent. Africa is often visited by independent missionaries who are not versed in native customs nor colonial

requirements. Sometimes they have many sad experiences and hinder many helpful things. One man called himself the bishop of Africa and started to establish mission stations that would be self-supporting from the start. He sent out over a hundred poorly equipped men and women to carry on the work. Within a year most of them were dead, without ever learning the African language. No permanent work could be established.

It is expected that the missionary shall stay in the work he came to do. To a native it is a step downward for a missionary to become a government officer or a trader. The work of faith which the missionary came to establish is too precious to leave, and this attitude adds another requirement. There must be a healthy body, a good education, and a generally sane view of life but, also, a missionary needs an abounding faith, for without this he works in vain.

This spiritual requirement is the most necessary thing of all. To those who have never felt the pressure which comes from a native people and the struggle to get them from the throes of heathenism this statement may seem far fetched. You will remember that Paul lists the "burden of the churches" as his greatest trial. This pressure makes for nervousness and discontent and doubt of the power of the gospel.

It is no small thing for a missionary to leave his home and try to acclimatize himself in a place like Congo. The first year is a grilling test. The language comes slowly. It does not always mean what one thinks it does. The people are a queer

looking lot, and seem to have such funny notions. Missionary history and tradition have to be slowly learned. Friends at home soon forget to write. Fever burns up the red corpuscles of the blood, but a week or a month in bed gives plenty of time to read again the Acts of the Apostles and to see what a missionary calling is like.

A long service gives a long vision. This vision of faith was very much limited at first. It was very much like the Momboyo at its head waters, which comes rushing out of the hills making a lot of noise, but will hardly bear the burden of a canoe. It sweeps around bends with a force that seems bent upon destruction to everything that tries to use it. It is going, and that is a virtue, both in a river and in a missionary. After a while other streams join the original one and while the speed slows down the depth of water increases, and not only canoes but steamers can use the river. There are many obstacles in the way, curves and bends shut out vision, but movement is still forward, night and day, sunshine and rain, ever onward in peaceful progress towards the sea. Its dash and noise of early days are gone, its depth and width and usefulness are now beyond dispute.

In like manner the faith of the missionary sees a finished task. He now sees the love of his Lord a real thing in hundreds of lives.

He is not a trader, nor a government official. He does not try to do their work and he is quite certain they cannot do his. He tries to plant high motives in the lives of white and black, for in only such an attitude can a colony prosper and the heathen be saved.

II.

IN THE REALM OF THE WHITE MAN

IF preaching will always be the primary function of the native Christian in Congo, teaching is almost wholly in the realm of the white man. This does not mean that the missionary does not preach and the native does not teach. On the contrary, the missionary preaches all the time, and very acceptably, but he faces the limitations of speaking a foreign tongue and of his lack of knowledge of the native mind. It is most difficult to think black and even more so to act it. The number of missionaries is always small, so the native has a field almost entirely to himself, when it comes to preaching.

In teaching, the native is in a new field. It is a new art to him. Not every person in civilization is adapted to teaching and this is much more true in Congo; the right ones have to be sorted out and shown how to teach. Trades of all kinds ought to be known in this land, and they must first be learned from the white man. Three years ago there was not a native at Kinshassa who knew how to handle a Ford, now there are perhaps two hundred and fifty who drive cars through that growing town at Stanley Pool. The first thing they have tried to demonstrate is that the Ford has speed. After living a few years in the bush, it is safe to give these new speeders all the room they call for. It is great fun for one to drive the car and the other to blow the horn.

The few arts that the natives inherited were jealously kept for the use of the few. A blacksmith would not think of teaching his trade promiscuously. He might teach one of his children his own trade, if he proved worthy to uphold blacksmithing traditions. Perhaps if he had no children he might be persuaded to take a stranger as an apprentice, but he would demand a good fee for that, and also require the boy to stay for years without pay. If it was the art of witchcraft to be learned, the limit would be much more rigid and the learner could not expect to practice until he was well on in years. Age is necessary for such a profession.

Wisdom of one generation was handed on in a very meager way. There seemed to be very little growth in knowledge. Teaching, as we understand it in a modern school, was absolutely unknown. Making "book talk" looked much like magic, but teaching a great number to read took the art out of that fascinating sphere. If it were only limited to a special few of the old men, wouldn't the witch doctor do wonders with it?

Teaching is therefore peculiarly in the white man's realm. He can engage in it to his heart's content, and almost every missionary does so, either in the school, or the shop, or construction work, or the garden. No missionary thinks of keeping this realm to himself. He wants to get as many natives into it as possible, so that wisdom may increase and the people not perish because of lack of knowledge.

A native left to himself to teach school makes, at first, a sorry show. He has to be taught the art. He seems to think that his scholars will learn by

absorption. He does not act as if he could teach them anything, but as if they all must be self-taught. He will, therefore, cover the blackboard with a mixture of words and phrases which have no connection, then calmly sit down and idly swing his feet over the bench while the class looks on in wonder at those weird symbols. He may get his class to read after him what he has written, but perhaps half of the class have their backs to the board, or may be sitting behind the board. All appear to be following his voice rather than anything that is written on the board. A great many repeat in parrot fashion the lesson, and with no mental effort to comprehend or remember. Yet marvel of marvels, even with this very inadequate method, many learn to read and write. The idea that all in the class could learn equally as fast as those who have, has to be constantly drilled into the mind of the teacher.

I suppose it is not necessary to say that the missionary does not leave a native teacher to himself. The native gets lessons in the best methods of teaching and his work in practice is constantly checked up, to see that he understands what he is supposed to do.

School material has to be prepared, so that a series of graded lessons can be given to the school. That there are first things and easy things which can be used to build up the whole fabric of the language, never occurred to the native mind. He knows his own language as a whole. He never has thought of the parts that make up the whole. Perhaps he himself has only recently learned to read. He thinks of the language as a spoken one

and he has yet to learn of the value of searching out the easy parts for writing. He begins to teach with such terribly long words as ngampanga (cat), Bongwango (knife), Mbwa, (dog), Bonju (boy). These words have used nine different letters of the alphabet and they have as many as three consonants following each other. Such a system will delay a boy months in learning to read and write.

The language is easily taught by beginning with a few vowels such as a, e, o, and then adding a consonant with the vowel attached to it, as, sa, se, so, la, le, lo. Words can soon be made from this method—right from the start. Lole (beard), asa (search), ale (he is), alela (he cries). Beginning with an easy graded method like this, in six months a child can begin to read almost anything. He has at least the foundation work done, and can advance to something higher.

There has now been worked out a set of charts, which begin in a simple way, and go all through the language. The native teachers are required to adhere most rigidly to these, until they appreciate the need of proper successive steps. Syllables are used rather than letters in the new steps, the sound value of a letter or syllable being used, rather than a name for them. Lunkundo is written in phonetic style, just as English is, when shorthand method is used.

Teaching how to read and write, then, is the first thing a missionary tries to do. The gospel of work must be practised from the start. Congo has no class or caste (of the literati type) as India has, and we have no desire to start such a class. We want as many people as possible to read and we

want also that they shall have useful trades and occupations, such as will fit them for the new Africa, which is growing under our eyes. Some boys are taken into the printing shop where they learn type setting. They have to learn to do this in Lunkundo, French and English. They learn how to run the press and how to correct proof. They need special instruction in the mechanical form of the language, because of the standards of writing which have been worked out for the language. It is surprising how soon these boys make themselves valuable to the mission.

The Bolenge press turns out each year hundreds of thousands of pages in books and pamphlets. These are for the native and in Lunkundo. Commercial concerns flood the place with requests for bill heads, letter heads, cards and all kinds of stationery used in business. Some of this has to be turned away, or there would be no time to make song books, books for school and other work, not to mention the two magazines which the press turns out. One of these is the Ekim'ae Nsango (Messenger of News). This is in Lunkundo. It has many features like a church paper, and is eagerly looked for in hundreds of villages. This is a paper which ties our work together as no other thing can do. Then there is the Congo Mission News. This paper is supported by all the missionaries in Congo Belge. It deals with the problems of work common to the whole field, and general news of the missions and missionaries.

Will these printers ever go into business for themselves, you ask? That is quite possible. In fact, that is the reason for teaching trades. Not

that the mission alone shall be benefited by this instruction but that the people may learn to use all the things that the white man gives to them. Some day a native who has a little money will buy a small press and find plenty of work to do in the colony, both among his own people and the white people.

A doctor in the hospital must have help. The people who swarm around the open door of the dispensary could receive but little help if the white man tried to do it all. He, therefore, takes half a dozen boys, teaches them how to wash sores and how to give injections of 606. Some learn to use the microscope and can detect the germs of sleeping sickness and malaria. Some of these boys have been sent to villages for a period of six months and have brought great relief to hundreds of people. This is a most effective kind of teaching and brings to the country a new outlook on life.

The building of houses, from the native point of view, is considered an eternal process. It never seems to end. The house is not finished before it needs repairing and shows signs of going to pieces. The country grows such poor stuff for house building that in four or five years a new house needs to be put up. Naturally, the white man refuses to dwell in such a house longer than is necessary. He wants a house that will stand up in a storm and will last a life time. He asks for a house that can be cleaned and is cool and airy. He, therefore, teaches the native how to make such a place. A permanent dwelling demands knowledge of brick-making, masonry and carpentry. The aim behind this teaching, we have said, is that the people them-

selves will, after a while, adapt the new methods of building to themselves. The carpenters already have quite a little income from making doors and windows, chairs and tables, and other useful things.

The S. S. Oregon reached Bolenge in November, 1910. A temporary crew had brought the boat from Stanley Pool. In a few days it started on a visit to our stations with a new crew entirely. We had no men who knew anything about that kind of work. The steersmen had never before turned a steering wheel. The firemen knew only that a fire burns wood and that when some of it is burnt the thing to do is to put other wood into the furnace. How to stoke so that the fire would be hot all the time was new to them. They were just as likely to let the fire go almost out before they replaced the wood, so that the steam would get so low the boat hardly moved at all. The men at the engines knew a little more, but the extent of their knowledge was that when the telegraph bell rang from the bridge they were to try and start the engines, and at another signal they were to try and stop them.

Mr. E. R. Moon was the captain. He would watch the water gauge and run to the pumps. He would laka, laka, laka (teach, teach, teach) how to put fire into the firebox and how not to do it, how to oil the cylinders and how to keep the steamer on her course so that she didn't run into the forest. If a tube went wrong he had to repair it. There was not a free moment from the time that boat began to get up steam in the morning at four A. M. until the boat was tied up at six-thirty at night. As the captain of the boat and men were now to the

river, the chart had to be studied at night to see how certain parts of the river were to be navigated the next day. It was a good thing Mrs. Moon went along to cook for her husband or he would have been a skeleton inside of a week.

For six or seven years now a greater portion of this kind of responsibility has been transferred to the native crew and the native captain and engineer. It used to take one or two white men and twenty natives to land the Oregon at an ordinary beach. Now the natives land the boat at the worst kind of landing, without a hitch. If a tube bursts the native captain and his men can repair it. They make long journeys alone, without a white person aboard, on mission work. Itinerations, conferences, carrying of supplies and building material, running night and day in case of sickness, has made this boat of priceless value to the mission, and without it the mission would be but half its size and power.

Two other boats, the S. S. Illinois and the S. S. Missouri, will add a new day to our work. Itinerations and better out-schools will be the result of the coming of these boats.

The teaching of agriculture, is, without doubt, the greatest need of the colony. Nearly all the native men have regarded this work as belonging to women. We only employ men and boys to do it. It is hoped that with the introduction of light hand machinery, cattle, and perhaps light tractors, a lively interest can be aroused in the subject. It is bound up with other phases of life in the colony, that is, transport and a price of the product which will pay to make things grow.

With all this practical teaching, which is the special work of the white man, and we might add to these, shoe repairing, box making, furniture making, sawmill work, we do not forget for one moment that the great lessons of life are the most important. I do not think anyone of us is interested in just seeing folks have more food, more clothes, more knowledge, as such. We want them to have these things, but we want more than anything else, to show how a Christian life can be lived amid the working day of the world. The people we win to believe in Jesus are in the world and they must work out their salvation in it. We want them to know how to do things, so as to be able to build their own churches and schools, and also to have money so they themselves can support their own ministry and teachers and doctors. Teaching the great vital things of life does and will absorb the missionaries' time and strength for years to come.

Men and women who come to Africa will have no need to cry "there is nothing to do." The housewife can teach new food preparations, new hygiene for babies and their needed care. Others can teach two and two are four and also the higher mathematical sciences. Others can show how to lay bricks or saw boards, and can at the same time show and demonstrate how God is love, and so teach the real message of the Scriptures.

III.

THE ROOT OF THE WHOLE THING

THE church is like a person, it cannot get away from its ancestry. The Bolenge church began in the spirit of evangelism and has continued in it throughout the years, giving to the other stations, as they were established, this same glorious enthusiasm.~ If we were to open fifty new stations in Congo, the natives would expect us to begin all of them as we have in the past, with the preaching of the native evangelists. They would not expect us to begin with a school and no preacher; nor with a native dispenser of medicine and no preacher. We more than likely would have the school teacher and the medical assistant at such a beginning but the heathen, at first, are not interested in schools, nor in the white man's medicine, but when the evangelists begin to preach about God they are nearly always very willing to listen.

In Congo one does not have to begin proving there is a God. Natives may be indifferent to Him, but almost no one doubts the existence of the Divine. It is necessary, in preaching, to make known our God and to take Him out of the midst of the evil spirits of the swamp and village and set Him apart from the fetish and the owner of charms. He has to be shown as the creator of the world and the Father of us all. These two things open up the way for the coming of the Son of God and the call to a new life. In asking Christians what it was that first attracted them, the first time they

heard the gospel, they nearly always reply, "The manner of God and His love to us as shown in the gospel." Talking, therefore, of spiritual things, immediately gets a hearing, even when the thing spoken is but dully comprehended.

Another method of approach is by showing the reason for coming. The native preacher will say, "Now, the white man of the government comes to rule the people. He comes to get the taxes and you all have to pay, and if he wants soldiers he takes your young men, and if the chief reports any person as disobedient the white man sees him punished. Then there is the white man who trades and makes profit. He doesn't take tax and doesn't have soldiers and doesn't punish people, but he buys all he can and sells all he can. Now our white man does not belong to either of these classes. He doesn't sell and doesn't buy and he doesn't collect taxes and he has no soldiers. What is his work? Has he any pay? These other people have their place and so does the white man who comes to tell us about God. He doesn't buy ivory and doesn't buy copal or palm oil, but he comes to get the hearts of people turned to God. His is a spiritual kingdom and work."

This method is very successful and in many ways the Lord demonstrates the truth of His word. The weak thing becomes the strong and the apparent lack of knowledge puts the hearers into the full way of knowledge. It is sometimes remarked that a certain preacher reads so poorly that it is a wonder the people endure him, yet in all his stumbling among the Lunkundo clauses and endless elisions

the people listen with painful patience. A book with its written words has a great attraction for them. Perhaps the sermon begins as far away from the Scripture reading as it is possible to get. The Bible is an eastern book with eastern imagery; the sermon, therefore, starts with the African village and its forest and swamp and river and the native black people. In due time the gospel story will come in, like the theme in a symphony, here and there a strain, then two or three bars, developing to such a pitch that the whole piece seems to have nothing else in it.

Our preachers have been, until this time, men of their own generation, that is, while some of them have been unable to read and some able to read but poorly, yet they have all been greatly used of God. At first no one in the village could read. The preacher did not need to, he knew the stories by heart. That day is going and people are beginning to read and the new preacher has to be always that much ahead of his people. They have had no other book but the New Testament, and that as a whole only recently. The preacher is usually as able as the chief of the village and quite often a better man and one with more ability, but even with that we know that without the blessing of Him his work would be vain.

Regarding the sermon. To the African preacher the narrative must have an African setting. It must be made to concern the people of the village, in their work and play, in their marriages, and in their sorrows at death, and joy at birth. In the story of the ten virgins he tells of

the copal they burnt up in their lamps. The five foolish girls burnt up their sticks of gum, which in commerce we call copal, and at night those girls would have quite a job getting a new supply. It seldom can be bought, one has to go into the forest to find it.

If it is the story of the prodigal son it was brass anklets that the father gave to his boy, as his inheritance. What other thing could a man have of such potential wealth? How did the son spend it? By giving out into every village through which he passed one anklet as an "ndanga," a promise to marry the pretty girl he saw on his way, and again at night after the dance with bad women and in other excesses of an evil life.

If the story is of the house built on the rock or the sand it must always be that the young man chose the sand bar which appears only during the dry season when the river is very low. Sand is unknown in any other place and the young man would build his house when he went for the season fishing. The storm would come and the river would rise and the house be swept away, all this suddenly, in the whirl of one hour. Foolish fellow, why didn't he build in the forest where he would be sheltered?

The important point is that the spirit of truth shall be grasped in the story and the proper lessons drawn. It is this power of the native and his ability to fill the folk-lore stories with spiritual truth, that makes his preaching so effective. How often does the missionary wish that he knew enough of the African thought life that he might

approach the Holy of Holies in the soul of his hearers!

Our evangelists are sent to their different villages for a period of six months. At the end of that time they return to the station for conferences and salaries. They are really paid in advance. Sometimes when it is not possible to bring the crowds to the station the missionary arranges to meet them at some point. This gives an opportunity to know the field and so strengthen the work begun by the native preacher. After such a visit the evangelists have said, "Now we will have some standing again with the people, since they see that we have a white man to care for us."

Itinerations are an essential part of the work. All stations tend to get static as the work gets older. More and different kinds of work is begun at the station and this tends to keep the missionary at the station. If the outpost does not see the missionary, month after month, however, the people are apt to think they are forgotten and their own evangelists of little worth. Journeys will be necessary in the work, for some time to come.

There is no doubt that the natives love the gospel. Ask any of them, "Will you go to preach?" and the reply is, "Wasn't it for that very request we have been waiting?" With such a willing spirit, which must never die, the field will always hear the Word. Many of our people go to Kinshassa to work. This is at Stanley Pool, you will remember, and is perhaps the greater part of five hundred miles from our field. Because of the differences of language at Kinshassa it is the best thing to follow them up with a preacher of their own.

Recently, it came Lotumbe's turn to choose an evangelist. We called Ibola Jean and asked him if he was willing to go to such a place. He has never been that far away from home. But he said, "Tell me of that place and what I shall have to do. You know we are here to go where the Lord shall send." I advised him to think the matter over a while and talk to his wife about it.

At night he returned with his wife and some friends. I saw at once there would be no doubt about the wife's going. Most of the women are as enthusiastic as men for the work of preaching. Amba, Imbola's wife, marvelled at some of the things I told her she would find in that town, but the thing that took her fancy most was that she would have to buy her firewood. It never had occurred to her that there was ever a place on the earth where she could not step outside of her door into the forest and gather all the firewood she could burn.

In the village congregations, and I suppose there are some six hundred preaching places in the mission where we have regular preaching, what do we find? In some villages there are but half a dozen believers. Some have fifty or a hundred or more. When there are enough people they support their own preacher and often pay for the school teacher as well. In a large measure the church affairs are in their own hands. The white man, I am glad to say, can't oversee it all. Responsibility must be given to the older Christians and elders so that they may prepare for the day when they will be required to watch over the whole flock. Up until now we have not been able to give all the



Photos by C. R. Atherton.
NATIVE DANCE TO DRIVE AWAY EVIL SPIRITS
PRIMARY SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

power into the natives' hands as we would like, as none has grown sufficiently for such offices, but they are growing. Mark Njoji is the leader and he has the same rank, shall I call it, as any missionary. He is now a regularly ordained minister.

The number of Christians today at Bolenge is three thousand, seven hundred and fourteen. At Lotumbe five thousand, nine hundred and forty. At Monieka one thousand, four hundred and thirty-two. At Mondombe six hundred and forty-one. This makes a total of eleven thousand, six hundred and twenty-seven. It must be remembered that only a small percentage of these reside at the stations themselves. They are found in those six hundred villages mentioned above. What a mighty task it is to shepherd such a host, scattered as they are, far and wide!

If the missionaries were to be removed for any reason, what would be the result? Would Christianity cease in our field? If it did, it would be contrary to all history of the fields of Africa. During the war when missionaries were removed, the work still grew. There would have to be a dangerous period of transition, but once that was safely past there would be new interest. Christianity once planted abides. Like these great Congo forests, you clear them out, but in a year they are growing sturdy trees again. Our own illustration is Longa. Once we had resident missionaries there. We decided to remove them, and of course, the church was greatly disappointed. Longa today is the bright spot in the mission. It supports its own evangelist and school teacher and seven other places as well. He who preaches the

gospel does a work for eternity. The white man's job is to show the native what ought to be done. For every person that the missionary brings to Christ his native brother preacher will bring ninety-nine. The black man's task is to tell out the Word. He now knows that that is the root of the whole thing.

IV.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES

YOU must bring your eyes and ears and all your five senses if you are to absorb all the events of this wanderlust story. There may be fifty nights that you will sleep in strange places, on steamers, in canoes, under the forest trees, in native houses. You have seen at the stations how the white man works, now you will see the native evangelist in his own role and in the realm which is peculiarly his.

In civilized lands you can travel for three hundred miles with just one suitcase. At hotels, your bed and food, and all things needed, are at your disposal. No so in Congo. You must carry with you everything that makes for comfort, camp bed, bedding, mosquito net, provisions, pots and pans, pepper and salt, yeast for your bread, lamps and lanterns, oil and candles, soap and bath tubs, books and paper, chalk and slates, pencils and ink. All these you will need and the evangelists will ask for twenty things you do not have. The last night you are sure you are quite ready but also certain you have forgotten something. But what? Oh yes, money to pay your way.

Out of the inky darkness comes the roar of the Oregon's whistle. You scramble out of bed while it is still pitchy dark. It is not yet 4:30 A. M., and the Oregon says she is ready to sail. While you and the porters get on board the dawn begins

to break and before it is quite light you have waved goodbye to those on the beach.

For the first two days there is very little to do. Captain Yoane navigates the ship and looks after the crew. The river appears to get smaller as you steam onward. The bends look dangerous but the Oregon takes no notice of them. She plunges her nose through rushing waters and on the third day lands you at the first meeting place of the native evangelists.

There are at least two hundred on the bank waiting to get a chance to welcome you. They would all come aboard if they could, and perhaps sink the ship, but to prevent that calamity you go to them. You find yourself seized at once. You think, "If there were two thousand instead of two hundred they would surely drown us in the river," for they all try to shake hands at once. Ten or twenty hands have hold of your arms at one and the same time. They call, "Losako," asking for a proverb. "Are you well? Is your wife well? Where is she? How many children does she now have? Do your children grow? Do they speak our language? Why did they not come with you?" You see some face among the throng that you recognize and you give him a name. They hear that name above the din.

"Ah," they roar, "he knows you." And again, "Losako, Losako, Losako," without end.

One of the evangelists tells the crowd that they have greeted the white man enough and they will now desist, but all day long stragglers who did not arrive for the grand welcome will push forward and shake hands. In half an hour, however, all your

goods are in the native house and there has been presented to you an antelope, fifty eggs, six bunches of plantains and some dried meat and six chickens. These are all gifts, remember, you have not bought them and the presents you give will also be gifts. You will give, however, slightly above the market value of the things you receive.

This gathering is really a conference of the leaders of the different villages where little congregations are forming into churches of Christ. There will be preaching and teaching, prayers and palavers. The offerings of the Christians will be presented. In fact, every Christian's name in that whole section will be called, and you may find that fifty persons are ready to say believing, "Tolamba te Yesu ale bona oa Nzakomba." (We believe that Jesus is the son of God). If you can find a spare moment between sunrise and nine in the evening for the next four days it will be because those who were present did not know you had an unoccupied moment.

There is another group who did not come to shake hands with you, but who are most interested in your coming. These are the sick. They have gathered with the evangelists and Christians in the hope that you will bring a medical assistant with you to give some injections of neosalvarsan. They will keep that boy busy night and day and all the time you are there and probably follow you from village to village for a week or more.

You are ready at last to occupy your seat in the teepoi, which is really a chair swung between poles and carried by four men who will walk in tandem fashion, two ahead of you and two behind you.

Such a contrivance is necessary because the path will be quite narrow part of the way. You will walk a great deal of the way, but at the end of each march there is another day's work to do. The afternoon sun is losing some of its heat and off goes the caravan with a gusto of songs and shouts. The forest soon swallows you up and the number of great trees of hardwood and the jungle undergrowth hold your attention for an hour at a time. Then there are magnificent palm groves which have been a hundred years growing and which supply the villages with part of their food.

The journey begins to tire. Then a woman who was recently baptized begins to sing. Her voice is pitched high, but it is sweet. She composes the lines to a native tune. The effect is magic. Everybody joins in the responses which come at the end of almost every line. Fatigue seems to go and the porters now swing along at a dog trot each trying to arrive first. Now the blue smoke hangs in the distance and we know that is the place where the women are cooking supper. They leave their work to call to us as we go to the house of the chief. That gentleman will be waiting for us and in a few minutes he will place his village presents before us—chicken and eggs and dried meat and plantains. I can tell what it will be with my eyes shut and every day on the long journey it will be the same.

Sunrise finds us on the way again. We are out in the forest and down in the swamps. It has been a dull morning and now it begins to rain. In three minutes you are wet through and the water is running down your back. How cold it is! It feels like

ice water. The thick pitch helmet is soaked through and will take two or three days to dry. There is no shelter and the nearest village is an hour's march away. You plunge along in water knee deep and long for a village fire. The natives have removed nearly all their clothing and wrapped it in leaves. They will have dry clothes when they arrive at a fire, and we, of course, have a change in the tin trunk if the boy does not fall in the swamp with it and turn it upside down. The march will be short today. The porters are cold and the path exceedingly slippery. Every once in a while, since the rain started, we have heard, "O Yiy'akwa," (the thief has fallen), meaning some one had gone down and the rest were laughing at him. We have an evangelist to place in the village and it will be well to stay there for the day and get acquainted with the chief.

We must be away before the sun is up, to make up for yesterday's delay. The boys come and get their loads. They prefer to have a large load—enough for two people. Such a load they tie to a pole in the middle, and one walks behind and the other in front. The paths are all narrow and all the way will be traveled in single file. Some of the paths are clean and some of the swamps have made paths, but don't ever be sure that the path will be good! Rains may have washed them out or the elephants taken a walk on them and then there is no more path.

We now meet with another group of evangelists and spend five or six days with them. It is joy to help them in the great work they are doing. They live alone in the village and try to win men and

women to Yesu. When they have gained a hearing and there are some Christians they still try to lead these people to higher and better things.

Now we start out again on a new path. There will be no Christians to greet us, as there are not yet evangelists in the section we are about to visit. A great river has to be crossed and this is done in two large canoes. This ferry is provided by the state and approaches to the river have been built up over the back-water. It makes easy going. But even then it takes us until after the sun stands over our head and gives no shadow at all, to reach our landing place. We are glad of the chief's house and the shade from the painful sun glare. After we arrive the men must cook their food and that in Congo is a long, slow procedure, since they have to take everything in its most primitive state.

The villages on this path are far between, nine and ten hour's apart. They have wonderful gardens, the best I have ever seen. As we entered one village all the old men were kneeling right across the path. That means the Catholics had been here before us and taught the people to do that. Some of our people called out, "Stand up, our white man does not want you kneeling to him." With that they came to greet us gladly and soon were off to get a great present of food for us all. This they presented with a song and in other words said, "Make yourselves at home, everything is yours."

In one village most of the people were away to a funeral and all of their houses were closed. That is, a palm leaf mat stood in front of the house door, meaning, "No one at home." I heard the men ask-

ing for places to sleep. The old chief said, "There are the houses, go in anywhere."

"No," said the Christians, "we don't do that. When the owners come back and see us sitting in their houses they may curse us and there will be trouble. You find us houses and show us where they are and we all shall be happy."

How eagerly these people listen to the preaching. They have never had a chance before.

"Give us teachers," is the daily appeal. "Don't forget us. All other villages have a man of God, except us. Why do you refuse us?"

These forest stretches seem to lengthen each day. But one more long day and we shall be with Christians and evangelists again. We are swinging around in a circle and will soon be among friends. Here is a native description of that long day's march:

"It rained nearly all night and we workmen did not want to start our journey very badly, but our white man said that he had promised to meet certain evangelists that very night and perhaps the sun would shine before very long. We quoted our proverb, 'Meat will not rot in one night,' which every Nkundo understands. Late one afternoon you wound an animal. He manages to hide in the bush and it soon grows dark and you cannot find him, but morning light will show you the blood and in a short time you will find your game dead and none the worse for the night in the open. In other words, one day's delay to those evangelists will make no difference. Let's stay here and go tomorrow. But this proverb had no effect on our white man. So we packed our boxes and off we

went. Ba ba ba ba ba ba. (A native's description of people marching, sometimes varied with ka ka ka ka ka). Down into the swamp we went. It was not yet light and we sank to our knees. Ba ba ba ba ba ba. Out of the swamp and the forest covered us up. The bush was wet and cold. The sun was not shining, but we knew it was breakfast time. Ka ka ka ka ka ka. Down into more swamps and out again into the forest. No one has ever worked this path and we have arrived nowhere. Ba ba ba ba ba ba. Time for our women to be going to their gardens and we still are going, that is all. Ba ba ba ba ba ba. Sun now breaks through the clouds and we see it is mid-day. White man calls for his lunch box. Some of us have no food so we didn't eat. (He forgot to say that the food he had given him for the journey he ate last night.) Ba ba ba ba ba ba. Sun now at the place where people begin work after siesta, but we have no siesta. Still going. Ba ba ba ba ba ba. Sun behind the ear (4:00 P. M.) and we see no villages. Ba ba ba ba ba ba. Still going in and out of the swamps and through the forest. Great long stretches of them. We met a man hunting and he says there are some villages on this path and that they are still a long way off. Ba ba ba ba ba ba. There are the houses and the chickens are hunting a place to roost. Ba ba ba ba ba ba. Hear that? That is the Christians singing. There are fifty of them all lined up to welcome us and they have the plantains and chickens and eggs at their feet and there are some girls with water to drink. Glory, the journey is over. But our legs and back. Osodie! Did you ever see anything like it? They ache and

ache. Now for some oil to rub on them and some sleep and some food and tomorrow the same thing over, if our white man says so."

But the journey is not over. There are still days in the forest and six in an open canoe and then the glad day when the last bend reveals the station and loved ones we have left for weeks. African travel is great but the greatest thing is getting to your own African home again.

V.

THE CHILDREN OF THE MISSIONARIES

THE first white baby born in Congo is still alive. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark, of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. Her parents are still active missionaries in Congo with a record of forty-four years of service. This little girl had five brothers and sisters. Some of them were born in Congo and some in the homeland while their parents were on furlough. It will be seen by this that the white occupation of Congo is not very old. How many white babies have been born in Congo since that first one? I don't pretend to know, but we are already in the second generation of missionaries here in Congo. Boys and girls that were born here are coming back as missionaries to carry on the work of their parents.

In our own mission some forty children have been born in Congo or came to Congo to live. One of these died here and one died at home, in America. Formerly it was considered unhealthful for children to stay here much over two years. Our own stations seem to be fairly healthful, but there are spots in Congo where children could not live very long. During the war, the Belgians, not having a place to stay in Europe, brought their children out here and they seem to have stood the climate very well. A new day is upon Africa and several missions besides our own now plan to make a place in Congo for their children. It is still admitted,

however, that the plan of keeping children on the field is experimental. We have no hills like the mission fields of India and China and Japan, where each year a few weeks can be spent.

The white man's home in Congo with children in it is a joy to behold. The native people delight at the sight of the little white face. They are devoted to their own children, and such mysteries as birth and death fill them with awe. The little white baby in its mother's arms knits them in the fellowship of the universal experience of motherhood and fatherhood and childhood. The old belief that the white man had no mother goes before such an event. They wonder at the sweetness of the little one and marvel still more as the child grows.

"Your white children never remain babies," they say, "they grow so fast and do not remain little like ours."

This is no doubt explained by the fact that the white mother is better cared for, and that, if her natural milk fails for her child she can always get some artificial kind. Alas, very few little black babies have any such good fortune.

The whole of the village takes a daily interest in the child. If it is sick the news passes to old and young alike. It can never go out without a dozen native children to see it safely home. When the first tooth appears they ask with anxious faces if it is a lower one or an upper one. If it is a lower one they think the child has straight sailing, if an upper one, there is almost sure to be trouble for some one. The day the child stands alone every one rejoices. If some one should come around and

exclaim, "Look! that child can now stand alone," some one else is sure to reply, "Well, and didn't you know that before today?" The first word is also of special interest. It is almost sure to be some word of the native language, and then they claim the child as their very own, for they cry, "Don't it know its own language?"

There is nothing sweeter than to hear the little one respond to its own native name. Perhaps a native mother who once had a baby, seeing the little one, calls out, "Bokecu oecwa?" (Are you awake) and the little girl says, "O." (Yes). Then both of their faces glow with delight and the day goes by easier and the years go by happier because of these smiles of childhood.

It must not be thought, however, that the care of children in Congo is an easy thing. Native ideas of hygiene and those of the white mother are poles apart. She must watch the preparation of the child's food with jealous care. She must listen for the humming tune of the mosquito, and the sun must be kept off the child, while it is small. Perhaps baby is out taking his constitutional, in the evening. He sees a native with a fiery red hat and out goes his little hand. The native may be covered with sores, but because the little fellow has stretched out his hand he dare not refuse to shake hands. Baby promptly puts his hand in his mouth after this ceremony, and, of course, he must be taken into the house and that little hand and mouth washed, or germs of all kinds will be spread.

Many a white person in Congo has caught an African disease which may linger for years, because the wash boy had an open sore which he managed

to hide from the owner of the clothes, thus infecting the clothes. He did this, of course, without intent. He knew nothing of such laws of health. Sometimes the said wash boy thinks he will be good to himself and so washes his own clothes with those of the baby. This is forbidden because of the contacts of the village, and the danger of contagious diseases. But who is to watch the wash boy all the time? Baby appears in a few days with a rash that cannot be accounted for. Perhaps the doctor knows how to stop it. The one great blessing is the Congo sun. It bleaches clothes white and kills many a potential disease. Rats are to be found in every house and constant warfare has to be waged against them.

The children readily learn that they cannot go out in the sun without a helmet. They soon associate the putting on of a helmet with the fact that they are to go somewhere. In the early mornings and after five o'clock in the afternoon they can play without a hat and how they do enjoy these cool hours. It is no difficulty to get the children up in the early morning. As soon as day begins to break they are awake, and when the sun is first seen at 6:00 A. M., they are ready to dress and go out for breakfast. The Congo country is really getting to be more of a place where child life can thrive. We are building bigger stations and larger tracts of land are being cleared, and the general station life arranged so that there is not so much crowding around the home of the missionary. The hospitals and native compounds are placed farther from the dwellings, and this helps in the better health of all concerned.

A good supply of milk has been costly, but with the use of the Swiss natural milk a good grade article was found. The children thrive on it, and in a tropical land milk is something children must have daily. When the children number two or three the daily milk bill is liable to be from fifty cents to a dollar a day. But that money is well spent. Goats have been used to help in the supply. Their milk is, of course, very nourishing, but as we do not have a pastoral people to work with, the herdsmen have not proved themselves trustworthy. We are trying now to get a breed of cows that will be able to stand the tsetse fly. It is thought that they are now available. These cattle will also be used for draft work.

As the child grows older the question of morals becomes a very pertinent one. He learns the language very quickly. He speaks it with all the necessary idioms and peculiarities of the African tongue. He can translate the native speech into English and the English into Lunkundo. But the natives discuss subjects, without embarrassment among themselves and which are not thought impolite or out of order in their own native life, but which in civilized lands are not mentioned. The mother cannot stop the child's ears. All she can do is to keep him at home as much as possible. If there are several children on a station the matter is very much more simple. They make their own games and enjoy each other's society to the full.

Children have stood itinerations very well, when they have been tried in a limited way. They are, of course, much more exposed on such trips. Flies

and mosquitoes, tsetse and the miserable little sand fly, make life a burden. Fresh, clean water and food free from contamination are likewise difficult to get when away from the station.

One little boy who had to endure weeks and weeks of itineration with his parents while they were looking for a site for a mission station, was almost worn out with that kind of life. He was wearied to death with the daily change from steamer to canoe and to overland journeys. At length they reached a regular mission station and decided to visit and rest awhile, and the little fellow inquired, as soon as he saw the houses and the beds and the tables, "Mother, have we reached heaven?"

The problem of the one child on a station is the same problem of the one child in a family at home. It is most difficult to keep his attention. If there are children of nearly the same age a school can be arranged and part of the day well spent. Mrs. Ross, at Bolenge, has the seven children there in a kindergarten, and this is a fine beginning. At the other stations each mother must do the best she can, or the child may reach home to find himself permanently behind children of his own age. Perhaps at some future date a school can be arranged at one of the stations which can be carried on each year for certain months, and so the problem of early education will be solved.

Whatever is done, the missionary knows that some day the children must stay at home for school work. In some families the mother's parents or the father's can well arrange to care for the little one during part of the time, but with others the mother will have to stay at home and perhaps the

father too. This is a duty which each family faces alone and in which few can be aided by friends. The lives of the children are so precious, and they must be given a chance to choose their life work. If they decide to be missionaries what a joy that can be.

There have been great missionary families in the past in the history of the church, generation after generation, going out to the greatest task in life—making known the Christ to mankind. Among the Disciples of Christ such families must now be in the making.

VI.

STUDIES IN CONSCIENCE AND PRAYER

ONE wonders if these newly made Christians can have any personal experiences in which their faith is tested and in which they have had answers to their prayers. The personal touch gives one the assurance that they do find the Scripture promises of prayer real. The present study is surely a true response to the Psalmist's words: "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver you."

Mose Mpulu was an everyday Christian until he was tried as by fire in the temptations of doubt. Since then he has seemed to have had much of the grossness of heathenism burned away. His name, Mpulu, means "big bird." His mother gave it to him in childhood as many mothers do, to get ahead of the ghosts. A Congo mother says, "I will give my baby a name of a bird, or an animal, or an insect, until he is able to take care of himself, and then he can have a real name. For, if I give him a real name to begin with, some night when he is outside in the dark, if I should happen to call him by his real name, the evil spirits would know I was calling a child and might get him, but if the child has only a name of an animal the evil spirits will think I am calling to some animal in the forest." Mose Mpulu seems to have grown up with his childhood name. Perhaps his mother forgot to have another given to him.

We helped Mpulu in the matter of anklets for

his dowry and he married. I mean by this that we loaned him certain sums until he could work and pay it back. A dowry, you have learned, is like taxes. When it comes time for it to be paid it has to be forthcoming or the girl will be married to someone else. Some time after his marriage he became an evangelist, and then a new life opened to him.

In those days the evangelists were not very plentiful and calls to come to many villages were arriving daily. Mpulu was located at one of our distant outposts, and he went into the villages trying to make known the word. While away on one such trip his wife, who had stayed at home, was suddenly taken with the pains of motherhood, and after great agony was delivered of twins. The children lived but a little while, and the mother was quite unconscious and seemed to be near death's door.

Now, this happened in the afternoon, and a messenger was dispatched at once to call Mpulu, who was some seven or eight hours' march away. It was nearly midnight when the messenger arrived, and before the crowing of the first cock in early morning Mpulu was treading his way down the forest path, hastening with a heavy heart to his wife and babies.

The village, where the wife lay, was much excited. Twins had been born, the father was away, the babies were dead and the mother dying. What were they to do? The birth of twins always makes quite a stir in the village, but here was a new experience. The mother was a stranger in the village. She was there as a preacher's wife. She was

very sick. How could she go through the ceremonies that usually accompany the birth of twins? Then, again, as she was a Christian would she be willing to go through those ancient rites? They were very much perplexed. Finally some old woman picked up a rattle and began shaking it and twisting and wriggling her body, and out into the open she paraded. That was the usual custom, to dance and sing all night long and call upon the spirits to stop their evil actions. Nearly all the women of the village soon joined the leader.

African night with its inky blackness and weird noises of surrounding forests always adds to the fear of the people.

The men discussed the question of the death of the twins and the sickness of the wife. Would the white man at the mission accuse them of being the cause of these troubles? Would he report them to the government officers and so bring new troubles upon them? The husband was away. When he returned would he be angry, and what would he do? Would he say that the evil spirits which belonged to the village were the cause of the whole matter? There seemed to be no answer to all their queries. The night was getting darker and darker, the shrill voices of the women as they circled the leader and clapped their hands and shuffled their feet roused their old superstitious belief. Perhaps a night of play-prayer might help things somewhat. They, too, were soon in the open, and the pom pom pom of the big bass drum called the whole village to that kind of intercession.

There was little or no sleep for anyone in the village that night. To the uninitiated it looked

like a night of play and revelry, but such was not the intention of the greater portion of the villagers. It was an effort on their part to get the local spirits, which, of course, were most malignant to human life, to be satisfied and let the woman live. They also entreated the spirits of Mpulu village, which was miles away, to remove their evil spirit. But the blood red sun came streaming over the tree tops, the little wife still lay in a stupor, and the husband had not yet arrived.

They rested for a while, and then, as the sun began to climb into the heaven, the wild scene began all over again. The dancers were now smeared with redwood powder and white mud. While Mose Mpulu was still in the forest he could hear the pom pom of the drum and voices of the women. As he reached the village he saw a crippled man sitting in his doorway. "Is it a play?" he asks. "Oh no, they have been calling all night to the spirits to let your wife live. It is for you they are doing that."

Then Mpulu began to run, and in a moment was among the dancers.

"Friends and sisters!" he cried. "Don't do this. The Bekaji have nothing to do with my wife's sickness and your noise will not help her. Stop calling on the powers of Satan. Only God who loves us can help us now."

At his request they left the dance and returned to their houses. Mpulu then sought his wife and saw at a glance that there was nothing that he could do except pray. There was in the village a little band of five or six Christians. These had attended to his wife's needs and were digging the

grave for the dead babies. Mpulu sought them out and off in a room to themselves they held their first earnest prayer meeting. Even as Jacob of old wrestled all night with the angel, so this band of Christians tested the promise that "Where two or three of you agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask it shall be for them of my Father." They spent hours in prayer.

Midday came, but no sign of improvement could be observed in the patient. The doorway of the room was darkened and there stood an old man, perhaps the oldest in the village. He was quite gray and his old body was dried up with the heat of a hundred suns. He carried in his hand a chicken. He held the would-be sacrifice up by its dangling legs and said:

"Teacher, you came here to tell us about God. Now you are in great need. You don't appear to be able to do much. Take this chicken and kill it and let its blood run down in behalf of your wife. And, teacher, let me say that we did not bring this trouble upon you."

But Mpulu said, "Fafa ('father,' a term of respect for the old man), I cannot do as you ask. Neither your play which you carried on all night nor this chicken have any value. You did it to help but I do not believe in such things. If God does not help then are we in a most sad plight. But he will answer, I am sure."

Then the prayer meeting went on again and the sun began to slide from the zenith to its westward home and the door of the room was again darkened.

“Mpulu! Mpulu!” called a woman’s voice.
“Your wife is awake and is calling for you.”

It was true. Not only was she awake but her crisis was passed and she began to mend at once. The village never doubted but that the prayers of the Christian band were the immediate cause of her recovery and health thereafter. That fact led a great many to follow the Lord Jesus.

VII.

“OH, IN WHAT DIVERS PAINS THEY MET”

NO one claims, for the medical side of the work, that the same record is made of healing as that of Jesus in the villages and towns of Galilee. In a measure, however, to these African children, the sight of a person asleep on the operating table and a doctor working calmly with a knife, and still no sign of pain or noise, begets, in their minds, something akin to the miraculous. How often do they say, “That man is dead or he would not lie still like that.” And when the operation is over they claim, “Yes, he was dead and he came to life again.” The fame of a hospital gets to be very great, and journeys of two hundred and three hundred miles to reach it are quite common. And while the healing does not compare with that of our Lord when He healed the sick at His word long years ago, humanity is the same as when he was here, and a hospital of a modern mission is a meeting place for those with divers pains; and for a portion of them, at least, the other line of the hymn could be added:

Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!”

The healing which is effected in His great name is attempted in His spirit, even when the power may be lacking. Many a broken body goes forth whole again, and more than this a new hope and new life is implanted.

Let us look at a few of these, a very few, as they come day by day.

The missionary lady is sitting in the cool of her porch, in the afternoon. A native comes up with a letter in his hand. As she takes the letter she looks at the man's face.

"What is that on your face?" she cries.

"Smallpox," he replies.

"Smallpox," she echoes, "and don't you know that you ought not to be walking about in the open like this?"

"Yes, I know, but we have come all day in a canoe. There are three of us. One has been sick eight weeks, one five days and I have been ill eight days. We have no one to care for us, no food, no medicine, and we have come to the mission for treatment."

"Well, go back to your canoe, and keep people away from you, tell them you have smallpox and I will call the hospital workers to come and get you when they have the isolation camp ready."

Then she burns the letter, washes her hands in lysol, and sends for the medical helpers, hoping all the time that she has not exposed her house and children to a siege of that dread disease that knows no nation nor clime, but is common the world over.

Here in Congo this blight runs over the land every few years. Sometimes there are many deaths, again the cases are very light and the patient hardly knows he is sick. The natives themselves often establish an isolation camp for the worst cases, but those who wait on the sick mix with the people of the village, so there is no real quarantine. When

the white doctor comes the natives readily accept the vaccine he has to give, and this helps, in a measure, at certain centers, to stay the plague.

Perhaps some hunters meet a leopard in the forest. He is as surprised as they are. Twang! goes a bow and the flying arrow wounds the leopard, but not seriously. He turns upon the hunters. He is no coward in a close fight, and he is as swift as lightning. He wounds three of them as he passes. The attack is so sudden and so fierce that they can neither shoot nor strike with a knife. He seems to hit them all simultaneously, and departs like a flash into the bush. They look at their wounds. There is not much to show, but the scratch is much deeper than is apparent. The claws of all such animals as the leopard have old infectious meat in them, and when they strike they inject that infection into the new wound. In an hour there is terrible pain and in two hours the wounded ones are in a raging fever. If they are near enough to be carried to the hospital there is some hope, otherwise death is almost certain within a few days. All our hospitals are ready for such urgent cases, and usually are able to help a very great deal.

We will now take a trip to the village. Here comes a mother with a baby on her hip. The child is one mass of sores. There is scarcely a place as big as a dollar over the entire body that has not a red yaw sore. The child seems quite bright and strong. It has not been sick long and the mother regards yaws as one of the things a child is very likely to have. Yaws is infectious mostly through dirt. Children may be playing together, and if one

has this disease it is almost sure to give it to its playmates.

"Why don't you take that baby to the hospital?" you ask.

"Tofa la bosolo," they reply. (We have no money).

"That is what you say because it is a little one. If you had yaws you would soon find the money. However, it is a child, and there is always medicine at the hospital for children. Take it tomorrow."

They appear next day and the child receives a dose of 606, or some form of neosalvarsan. In five days the sores begin to dry up, in ten days they are quite gone. The parents are as happy as can be, even if they themselves had made no effort to bring their child.

Yaws is not confined to children. Grown people often suffer with it. There is no known native remedy for it. Sometimes it runs itself out in a year, other times it is years before the sores are gone and the patient is lucky if he is not left with a permanent limp, or some infection which stays throughout life.

It is quite the thing for a native to refuse to cut his hair during the stages of the disease, and again, no water comes near his body, so that the general health gets feeble. Morale goes too. He will be unable to work, and the long months of idleness may make him a sluggard for life. He tries to cover the sores with the powder of the redwood, to keep the worst of the flies away. He likewise, carries a little fly broom, and all day long swishes this over his back and down his legs. A medicine

that will cure in ten days seems too good to be true.

Here is another case. A man is brought to the doctor. He is carried in a hunting net, which is swung on poles and carried by two men. As these two place their burden on the ground they carefully explain that the sick man has brought on his own trouble. He was cutting a tree down, and it fell on his foot and the lower part of his leg, completely crushing them. They tell the story as if it were a matter of fact sort of thing, and that the man had given them much trouble by getting into such an accident. Accidents are very hard for a native to explain. They seem to have stayed at home arguing about it before they picked up their sick friend and carried him to the hospital. The wound is now several days old. Infection is so bad that the foot is already decayed. At a glance the doctor says the foot must come off and that without delay, or the man will die very soon.

Now, if there is one thing a native abhors it is a maimed limb. He cannot stand the questions of his friends and the jibes of his neighbors. Heathenism is most inquisitive. They plague the life of a man by questions, and the unfortunate becomes most miserable.

The two friends discuss the word of the doctor in quiet mood. They don't ask the one whom it concerns most a single question. They inquire, "If you take off his foot will he be sure to live?" No definite assurance can be given. The wound is very old. Infection must have spread through the whole body. He will have a chance if the opera-

tion is performed, but without it he will be sure to die.

"Well," they say, "it is his own affair if he dies. If he dies with his foot on, no one will blame us. Wasn't it he who let the tree fall on his foot, and wasn't it he who cut down the tree? If we say 'take off the foot' and he dies, people will say we were the cause because we gave permission, and even if he lives there will be trouble for us with some of his family. People will laugh at him when they see him hop around on one leg, and he himself will curse us all his days, because he has lost his foot."

With that they gather up the hammock and trot off to their village home again. What a sad little party. No words could make them stay. Did they take him home to die? Yes, in four days he was dead.

A canoe lands at the beach. Out from among the bundles and baskets a man slowly raises himself up. He has to be helped ashore. Then he begins to slowly waddle up the path towards the hospital. He goes most painfully slow. He has an enormous tumor known as elephantiasis. The growth is between the legs and it drags on the ground as he walks. He probably has carried that about for years. It weighs more than his whole body. No medicine but a knife can ever relieve him of that ponderous weight. But he must lie down in his own blood while the doctor slashes away at those ghastly tumorous tissues. In a month he is able to be about and in another week able to walk home, and a whole village nearly goes crazy with excitement at the sight of him, whole and strong again. Here is a patient with glassy eyes and rolling

gait, as he tries to walk. He seems to be on the deck of a ship, which is rolling in a heavy sea. He tries to step out and does not know if his foot will touch the ground or not. The physician's fingers soon locate glands in the neck. He suspects sleeping sickness and the serum from those glands under the glass soon show the live organism in the blood known as trypanosomiasis. For years there was no hope for such a person. Death might come in a few days, or weeks, or months, but it would never be very far away. All kinds of drugs have been tried for this disease. Some patients seem to respond quickly to some of these, the bloated condition of their body slowly passing away and normal weight returning. But after awhile they would droop away and soon die. Now a new day seems to be here. A medicine known as Bayer 205 has apparently cured many people and they have had no recurrence of the symptoms. If this is really a cure, Africa can hope again, for of all the maladies with which this land has been afflicted perhaps none has so quickly wiped out villages and whole sections as the sleeping sickness.

A daily visit to the hospital waiting room is a melancholy sight. How doctors and nurses can keep up their vitality amid such depressing sights of suffering humanity is more than I can tell. They gather from hundreds of villages to the hospital steps. The medicine mentioned before, known as 606, is given not only for yaws but for numerous other ailments. The natives regard this drug as a sure cure for every ill under the sun. It costs about sixty cents a dose, or injection, so it

cannot be given out wholesale. It is the one and only drug in the hospital that pays for itself. We sell it at cost and insist, since it is demanded so widely, that it shall pay for itself. The people will ask for this remedy for rheumatism, sores and ulcers, venereal troubles, pains in the head, pains in the bones, pains in the toes, pains in the joints, and in fact, for pains wherever they can be had in the body. Old men who want to keep young, so that their wives may not run away, come and demand the rejuvenating charm! In fact, only the price prohibits the whole Congo from coming and taking their permanent abode on the hospital steps.

This medicine really does help a host of people. Sores that have become chronic and are years old, often yield at the first treatment. People who are bedfast are able to go about their work after a treatment or two. It is no wonder that the fame of such a thing spreads into hundreds of villages. Some white men, even, think that the drug is a sure cure-all.

Midwifery is performed mostly by native women. No men are allowed near the house when the wife and mother has reached her hour of pain. Many of the little ones are born in the garden, or in some shack in the garden. Some of the cases call the doctor, but many do not. One doctor went to a call and had to wait for hours in the smoke-blinding room. When his eyes could stand it no longer he stepped outside, for a breath of air. The little mother also went out the back of the house and bore her child on the back porch, while the doctor was walking on the front porch. No one called him, and he returned to find his patient



Photo by Dr. Frymire.

PETELO BAKONGA, ASSISTANT AT LOTUMBE HOSPITAL
AND HUNTER OF RENOWN

gone and the midwife with a fine baby in her arms.

Many cases are beyond the knowledge of such native women. If nature performs its usual task they are sufficient, but, if assistance that a doctor can give is needed the poor midwife sits in helpless confusion. Many of the would-be mothers die after days of agonizing pain. If they can get to the doctor, what a help they find him. And of all the services which the doctor gives perhaps there is none so much appreciated as this. Two lives are saved and there is rejoicing that sorrow has been turned into joy.

Perhaps you read in our annual report that at our four stations in the Congo there were given thirty thousand or perhaps forty thousand treatments in one year. What does that mean to you? Can you visualize all those people waiting at the door of the hospital? Would it mean more, if we said that in Dr. Frymire's term of service he cut away three tons of tumors? Or, in a brief three months that Jaggard gave a thousand doses of 606? Or, that Barger and Pearson and the nurses have gone out at midnight, or in the mid-day blazing sun to attend to this sick man, or that sick woman, or that dying child? This is applied Christianity. Sometimes we tease the doctors that they are so busy they do not have time to pray, or attend services, but when it comes to practical work for people in need, no other missionary is in the same class with them. They stand unique in the kind of work they do. Congo has looked for years for more doctors. Men with big hearts and strong arms, and yet men filled with human fun, and above all, love for the Great Galilean physician.

VIII.

A PART IS NOT GREATER THAN THE WHOLE

THE missions in the Congo find it convenient to do certain things together. Each board works in a stated field and efforts are made to keep the work of one from overlapping the other. Sometimes the limit is a tribe or language. This saves the expense of mission posts, duplications in translation, and in many other ways makes a full use of the Lord's money over a large area. If a number of any given tribe gather in the field of another society, evangelists can be sent to care for these. This is in practice at Kinshassa. Congo has at least sixty different languages. A missionary cannot learn more than one or two of these. He of necessity must stay with the people whose language he knows.

In the lower Congo, missions were started when the entrance to the interior was impossible. Certain boundaries have been defined for the respective missions and the work is done in accordance with general principles of mission comity, which allows each society to use the full force of its staff for permanent work and not overlap the others' work. Our own mission has on the upper Congo an enormous field yet to develop.

How is this unity brought about? The missions in Congo have a General Conference which meets once in about every three years. During the interim a committee chosen by the missions themselves meets once and sometimes twice a year to

talk over certain questions of the work. Both the conference and the committee are, of course, purely and absolutely advisory. They have no authority whatsoever over any individual society. They gather for inspiration and the discussion of the general problems of the work. If the information gathered at such a meeting seems helpful it is tried at the different missions, not because the conference says so but because it appeals to the general good sense of the workers.

The last of these conferences was held at Bologne in 1921. There were one hundred and five missionaries present. Almost every missionary society working in the conventional Congo basin was represented. The topics had to do with the problems common to the whole field: Missions and their relation to the European government, native literature, medical work and schools, etc.

Let us look at some of these themes.

No mission can establish itself in Congo without the permission of the Belgian government. It is the guardian of both the native people and likewise of the missionary. It investigates to see if the natives themselves wish to welcome the visitors to their village. If the natives do not welcome the new missionary no site will be granted. Again, it looks up the resources of the missionary society to see if it is an established concern. The government does not like to grant concession of land and find out afterwards that only a temporary work is being carried on and will be abandoned in a few months or years.

There is always the question of land tenure and of native rights and practices, which the mission-

ary finds it helpful to fully understand. If a common mind can be found any harmful custom may be presented to the government and a solution found. If one society alone presents such a subject it probably would have little or no weight.

There is the creation of native literature. This is a most difficult measure. Mission work is being done we have said in some sixty different languages here in Congo Belge. How can a literature become common to the whole field? The Bible has been translated into many of these languages. It is common to many of the tribes because of the nature of the book itself, but it is also a common text and the aim is to translate the original as near to the text as the different languages will allow. A common text for all kinds of books might likewise be found.

This was not so easy as it sounds. A literature committee was appointed at the Bolenge Conference to work on the problem. Some of the best books in use are now confined to one native language, because no English or French text of the original was kept. This makes the work of one man very restricted and his friends over in an adjoining field cannot use his work because it is in an unknown tongue. If the English text is made the work then becomes available to every mission that wishes to use it.

Some of the books are printed in bilingual style, that is, one side of the page is printed in French and the other side left vacant. These sheets then are sent to the different missions and they translate their local tongues as they need them. Some nine books and manuscripts have been considered

by the committee and most of them will become common property for the whole of the Congo field, and in fact, a very much wider field since Central Africa is always interested in such efforts. This is co-operation which pays.

The doctors of the different missions find it most helpful to come together at periods. They talk of the way missionaries can keep well and how to get well when attacked by tropical diseases. They work out plans for suitable hospitals for the tropics and the equipment for general use. They make known their discoveries in medicine and what can be done for the good of the country. These things cannot be accomplished by correspondence very well. There is now a medical paper called Medical Missionary Exchange and Dr. Barger is the editor of it.

Education is a thing in which every mission is interested. How to teach natives their own language in a written form and how to find the approach to the African mind makes interesting discussions for such a gathering as the General Conference. A union training school is maintained in the lower Congo at Kempese by the American and English Baptists.

Those who attend such conferences go away thinking that they can do even better work than they have been doing, and doubtless do so.

A quarterly magazine is maintained by the missionaries. It is a self-supporting paper. This paper keeps the whole field before its readers and is sent to all parts of the world. To many, such a paper is full of source material and constantly throws light on the science of missions. This

paper unites the vision of the whole work as nothing else can.

The Union Mission House has been treated in a chapter by itself. It is one of the most outstanding pieces of co-operation yet accomplished in Congo.

Those who have never lived at a Congo mission station cannot realize how bound one's knowledge and outlook can become. The grind of the station life uses up a man's entire strength, narrows his vision and impairs his usefulness. Perhaps such a man is working out his problems along his own lines and those lines have been proved a failure by others years ago. He adopts new methods and sees his work succeed. He will learn of these by such co-operative work as the conference and the quarterly paper. Such helpfulness is most wholesome.

Our own mission has been active in every good undertaking. We have been greatly helped by so doing. Our only fear is that we have not been able to give more than we have received.

IX.

THE UNION MISSION HOUSE—A GOING CONCERN

IT sometimes happens, in a field like Congo, that Christian people find themselves, either from habit or custom, or perhaps from difference in vital beliefs, unable to work together. There are certain things, however, which they can do together and which it is quite impossible to do alone. In such cases the missions, for their own protection, must co-operate, and in doing so are strengthened mightily.

One of the most important things in missionary economy is to get the missionary to his field with the least possible friction as to health and nerves. All tropical and uncivilized lands are, at first, most trying to the newcomer. If a good place to rest and good food are not to be obtained some special provision must be made. Those who have followed through this book will remember that from lower Congo, to above the rapids, is a two days' journey over the mountains. Kinshassa, a town of considerable size, has developed on the banks of Stanley Pool. It is the headquarters of a great many business concerns. Hotels are to be found there, but they are nearly always crowded and often one arrives in Kinshassa to find no place to stay. Everything is crowded and so many things have to be left to the native help that one wonders if the water has been boiled and filtered properly before it is placed on the table!

Such conditions made it evident after a time that with more missionaries arriving and a greater number of white people coming to Congo for trade and other services, the missions would have to provide a place where their own people could always find accommodation.

The Union Mission House, therefore, is a hostel where all missionaries and other travelers, if there is room, may stay while waiting for a steamer to take them into the interior of the country, or, on the homeward journey, may rest until the sailing of the ocean steamer. Sometimes this wait is for but a day or two and again it may be two or three weeks before a steamer arrives. Those who knew the old way before the growth of Kinshassa and before the days of hotels, and those who have had to endure with small children the modern hotel in an African setting, do not fail to appreciate the new hostel. Here they are able to practice the things they have been taught are necessary for one's health in the tropics. They know the water is not fouled at its source, and they know it is boiled and filtered and kept from contamination. They know, likewise, that a room is waiting for them, on almost every occasion. The writer had the privilege of testing this recently. A storm was raging over Stanley Pool. The river steamer had had to endure for several hours a vigorous buffeting of wind and waves. Rain was falling heavily in Kinshassa and yet the steamer had scarcely landed before the director was on board to offer the hospitality of the Union Mission House.

At Kinshassa the Baptist Missionary Society (English) has a mission station. The Baptists

have many stations up the main river. Their own missionaries are constantly coming and going. The missionaries used to provide for their own people as to board and lodging, of course at the expense of the work. At times this same hospitality was offered to other missions, but it was a burden that could not be accepted because of the great strain upon the local mission staff. Formerly, this society did most of their work with the natives of this section alone, but with the growth of Kinshassa, natives from all over the colony flock to them for work and the Baptist society finds its work much diversified with many strange tongues. This mission owned quite a good deal of ground and they offered some of this to meet the great need of the increasing staff of missionaries for a union building for the entertainment of these transients.

In 1920 six societies working in the Congo basin decided to pool their interests and build a house which would meet the same kind of need for all the missions. No one society could have begun such an undertaking. The cost would have been prohibitive and no one society had enough missionaries. The following missionary societies entered into the plan: The American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, The Methodist Episcopalian Congo Mission (south), The Disciples of Christ Congo Mission (U. C. M. S.), The American Presbyterian Congo Mission, The Baptist Missionary Society (British) and The Congo Balolo Mission (British). The initial cost was a sum equal to \$5,000. By a special agreement with the state these societies own and operate the plant. Several other missionary societies that did not enter into

the capital investment make use of the hostel and, of course, pay a slightly higher rate so that the upkeep of the place may be permanent.

When one reads of the work of the pioneers in Africa and other lands such arrangements as these may seem superfluous, but modern missions are on quite another plane. Men with strong bodies and occasionally women, but seldom children, can endure the health-wrecking life of pioneering days. We have seen the spots where many of these would-be pioneers have laid down their lives, a prey to the rigors of the climate. If, in their day, such a place as the Union Mission House had been possible, they might have given years of service in preaching the Word and helping to lift the whole continent. We today try to learn from the past and try to make our workers live as long as possible.

The building is two stories high. It is situated on high ground and has a fine view of the Congo River, as it rushes through the Stanley Pool on and over the rapids. The hills on the French side of the river are very beautiful, especially in the bewitching hours of sunrise and sunset. From the wide porch, both on the lower floor and the upper one, the view and the breeze are most invigorating. This wide porch is one of the great comforts of the house. On the ground floor are found the dining and living room, the director's quarters and office. All the upper floor is for bed rooms. There are baths and the house is lighted with electricity. Every room is screened and every bed room has a snowy white mosquito net over the bed. Each room has two single beds and these beds are most

comfortable to weary bones. Sparkling drinking water is found on the table and after some of the black looking stuff one has been compelled to drink in Congo travel, how delightful that water does look and taste!

The bricks from which the house was built were made by a native who formerly worked for the mission and is now in business for himself. The beautiful large sideboard and the tables for the rooms were made at the Swedish mission schools. The building itself was done with native labor under the direction of a missionary.

The charge for staying at the place is made according to the number of guests who use the hostel. To the co-operating societies this is mostly a saving and there is this advantage, that the preparation of food is more like that in the homeland. To the new missionary who is beginning to feel the forces of climatisation working through his system, and likewise to the old missionary who is worn and tired, this is a thing not to be despised. The director will give needed advice and help as to baggage, trains and steamers, and as this has to be done in the French tongue this help is most sought after.

The spirit of the house is refined, religious and refreshing. Mr. Stonelake, a missionary of many years' standing, has charge of the hotel. I wish I might tell how thankful many a missionary family has been for the kindness which has come to them from this house.

It would be quite impossible to name all those who have made this work possible. Members in every mission have been most enthusiastic for the

hostel. One missionary lost his child because of bad drinking water before this place was built, and you may be sure he urged such a place. His society gave all the needed support to something newer and better. In our own society the name of Mr. Ross will always be remembered as the one who smoothed out many a difficult path and made the Union Mission House a going concern.

X.

YOU CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM CONGO

THE reason you cannot stay away from Congo, either in your thoughts or your bodily presence, is not hard to find. There is a charm in the bigness of Africa, and Congo is no mean part of it. There is a fascination in the devoted, merry, and yet wayward people. They make you admire them, love them and despise them all in the same day. Yet Congo would not be Congo without them. Long, long ago a Latin poet claimed, "Always something new from Africa." The natives supply that spice of life in many unexpected ways. As I write now the pay of some small boys has been held up a few hours because they had not returned the tools they had been working with. These boys at once held a prayer meeting. I don't think they prayed that the tools might be found but that the heart of the missionary might be softened and that he would repent and pay them at once. There was no humor in this for them, they were most serious. But who would expect a group of boys to do a thing like that.

There is still another reason why Africa pulls as it does. The opportunity for original work and permanent work is still possible in this open field. This is an inspiring thought, that one need not build on another's foundation. There are villages by the hundreds where the gospel has never been preached. There are unexplored fields in educational work. Work with girls and women is still

in its beginnings. Medical and industrial work could grow to heights yet unthought of. A specialist in any of these lines or even a humble worker may see in his own lifetime changes which would astound the world.

If Christians at home learned to love other fields and other peoples because they first were captivated by our people, we are still the gainers. When we have a need there is a glorious brotherhood to tell it to. They can't keep their thoughts out of Congo because they have once loved us and will see that our wants are sure to be forthcoming.

If the Congo missionary finds he has to stay at home, what a miserable person he is! Once having ridden on these mighty waters and trekked through these endless forests he can be content nowhere else. If his body can never come again to Congo his mind is here night and day. He reads every book and every article there is about Africa. He searches his old maps and old pictures lest he shall forget the once familiar scenes and faces. He caresses his old gun, that once he carried on his shoulder as he tracked the old elephant to his forest home, or shot the bounding buffalo as he raced across the plains. Happy he would be if he could live and die in Congo service.

This love for Africa is not alone confined to missionaries. The government official finds his administrative duties absorbing. The trader finds the commerce of the country an ever-increasing fascination. The traveler always finds some new animal, or some new flower, or butterfly, or some new mineral deposits.

These lines have been written in the hope that the things of Old Africa will stir again many a soul with the thought that it is worthwhile trying to preach to this continent the joys of Christ and also that there will be thousands of others who will turn their thoughts for the first time to us out here. But let me warn you in this closing sentence. Once you really think about us you will never be able to give us up. Africa will keep you, soul and body. If you do not come bodily to help us, in our work, your spirits will want to cross the sea to hear the notes of the song bird as he sings to the dawn and the tom tom tom of the drum as it calls for the morning prayer.

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